The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

The Lawrence county Democrats have declared in favor of Curtin for Governor.

As the returns come in from Republican county conventions they show Beaver delegates, without any opposition. Still, dear General, it looks to us there is something wrong in the family.

The Democrats last week carried Oregon. The offices secured are Governor, State Treasurer, Judge of the Supreme Court and Secretary of State, and, as stated, probably Representative in Congress.

Seven hundred babies have been named after Cleveland since he became President, and their photo's fill three drawers in the White House Cabinet.—Middleburg *Post*. Text, Tom, we think it is your turn to name one after Cleveland—that would be 701.

Frederick Trosson, a German, aged seventy-two, living near Lakefield, Minnesota, committed suicide on Monday by blowing the top of his head off with a gun loaded with peas. He leaves a wife and nine children. He attempted suicide four years ago by hanging, but his daughter cut him down.

Road Supervisors, make a vote of this item:

Washington, Pa., June 9.—To-day R. F. Hendershot and wife obtained a verdict of $1,138.72 damages against Morris township for injuries sustained in July, 1883, on account of the bad condition of the roads.

The Harrisburg *Morning Patriot* celebrates its 29 birthday by putting out a 16 page issue for Saturday last. This makes it as big as the biggest New York papers. The *Patriot* is the leading Democratic organ of the state and edited with marked ability. We congratulate it upon its prosperous career. May its shadow never grow less.

Union county makes as big a cry for temperance as any county in the state, and at the last term of court made a tremendous effort against granting licenses, yet at the Republican primary elections last week, Mr. Cornelius, temperance candidate for assembly, only received 125 votes! The temperance tribe down there shou'd shut up shop now.

The Prohibitionists of Dauphin and the surrounding counties are strongly organizing to enter the Gubernatorial fight. The State Convention will be held at Harrisburg, August 25, and many of the delegates will be women. Chas. S. Wolfe, of Union county, an Independent Republican, who figured in several revolts against the Republican party, will be nominated by the Prohibitionists for Governor, and his canvass is calculated to injure the Republicans.

The Republicans are living in hopes the Democracy of this county will nominate a weak ticket. They expect to nominate the strongest possible ticket and elect it in the above event. Says a leading Republican to the writer: "I am not in favor of such men as the Reporter is opposing, but we Republicans would like to see you nominate them, it will give us a better chance to elect our ticket."

That's it, and if Democrats follow the advice and heed the warnings of the Reporter no weak and vulnerable candidates will be placed upon the ticket at this time when we need absolutely clean material on the ticket.

The Beech Creek Railroad is now in the possession of and operated under the direction of Messrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Charles C. Clark, Joseph M. Gazzman, Charles J. Langdon and George F. Baer, who purchased it at Sheriff's sale for the stockholders. All the old employes have been retained. The new railroad company will be organized June 29. It is surmised that the new officers will be: William A. Wallace, president; C. Vanderbilt, vice President; Allyn Cox, treasurer; S. Richard Peale, solicitor; Cornelius Vanderbilt, Joseph M. Gazzman, W. K. Vanderbilt, Daniel Beach, George H. Platt and George F. Bear, directors.

The Union county Republicans have made the following nominations: Assembly, Horace Glover; Assistant Judge, C. M. Hayes; Congress, Dr. C. T. Thornton; Prothonotary, W. O. Shaffer; Coroner, M. L. Focht; Surveyor, Conrad, Sichler. J. R. Cornelius, temperance candidate, received 125 votes in the county. The nomination of Glover is regarded as an anti-Wolfe victory and the Stalwarts are very jubilant.

Bro. Cornelius can be proud of his 125—better to have that than to run as temperance and anti-temperance, like one of the Centre county chaps, for the sake of making a few more votes by the cheat.

The Democratic complaint against Republican corruption in the last 20 years, has been founded upon just cause. When there is corruption in politics it should be exposed, no matter where it is found—and it is found in all parties.

When Democrats expose the corruption of Republican politicians, they mean to claim consistency thereby and it is implied they would denounce it equally if found in our own party. That is the stand the Reporter has taken and takes now. If we find one who is corrupt in the Democratic party, we consider it our sacred duty to expose and oppose him. If a man uses every dirty appliance to get an office, his success is only an injury to the party and he gains his point over honest, true and faithful Democrats.

To cry out against trickery and corrupt practices of men in the opposite party and wink at the same sins when found in your own is simple hypocrisy and shows that one guilty of it is not a whit better and that he has no honest principles.

We desire to see politics kept pure for the public good. When an office seeker is all things to all men and "nothing to nobody," don't have any thing to do with him. When he will lie, trade off his district and then cheat the ones he trades with, plays temperance and anti-temperance, and does kindred things to gain a nomination, you cannot give him your support if you advocate honesty in politics, and you are no better than the corrupt Republican whom you proposed to hold up to scorn for being guilty of the same work.

If the Democratic party in Centre county wants to get back to its old majorities it must use care in its nominations. All know where we stand, and what has put us back. Take warning in time, Democrats, by making nominations which will command the respect and votes of honest men.

S. R. Peale has announced himself as a candidate for congress, by the following card:

To the inquiries of friends I hereby reply that I am a candidate for Congress, subject to Democratic rules and if the office comes to me in an honorable way I shall accept it and earnestly devote myself to the duties of the position. Very respectfully, S. R. Peale.

Lock Haven, June 7, 1886.

THE EXPELLED PRINCES.

The Count of Paris Has Made Up His Mind to Go to England.

Paris, June 12.—The Comte de Paris has arrived here. After settling up his affairs in France he will go to England. The unexpelled Orleans Princes will remain in France. Prince Jerome Napoleon (Plon-Plon,) upon hearing the result of the vote of the Chamber of Deputies, exclaimed: "I shall soon return to save those who have proscribed me from being guillotined by their friends of today.

The following is the text of the expulsion bill as it passed the Chamber of Deputies:

Article 1. The territory of the French Republic is and remains interdicted to the heads of the families heretofore reigning over France and their direct heirs in order of primogeniture.

Article 2. The government is authorized to expell by decree the other members of these families.

Article 3. Whoever, in violation of this interdiction, shall be found in France, in Algeria or in the colonies shall be punished by imprisonment of from 2 to 5 years. At the expiration of the penalty he will be reconducted to the frontier.

Article 4. Members of the families of the Princes who shall be authorized to reside temporarily within the territory of the republic will be excluded from all public functions.

The bill was introduced in the senate and its adoption assured.

Prof. R. H. Thurston discusses in the June number of "The Forum" the interesting question of the limit of speed in ocean going steamers. Profiting by the example of the distinguished scientist who forty years ago predicted that no steamship could be made to carry coal enough to cross the Atlantic, the present writer makes no rash assertions. He thinks, however, giving his reasons therefore, that not improbably "those of us who live to the next century may see the Atlantic crossed in less than four days." Yet the professor does not discuss, as a measure of increased speed, the use of liquid fluid for coal. Admiral Selwyn of the British navy, has shown that by the use of oil "a vessel can carry twice as much power of propulsion as a vessel with coal." On the Caspian Sea many Russian steamers employ oil fuel exclusively. In a recent experiment with the British steamer Himalaya, the consumption of oil was reported as only one ton per diem, while previously the average consumption of coal was nine tons per diem. It seems obvious, therefore, that in future greater speed can be secured in steamers built to use liquid fuel than in those now made to burn coal.

During a violent storm at Bordeaux France, on Wednesday, hailstones of an enormous size fell. A Child was killed by hailstones while being carried in its mother's arms. A number of persons were injured and much property destroyed.

BAVARIA'S MAD MONARCH.

The Eccentric King Ludwig Removed from Hohenschwangan to Schloss Berg.

London, June 12.—The reverence for monarchy and monarchial principles is stronger in Bavaria than anywhere else in Europe, but it is not strong enough to save King Ludwig from deposition. Outside of Bavaria people only wonder that it has saved him so long. Several things were strongly in his favor. First, it was he who invited King William of Prussia to assume the title of Emperor of Germany at Versailles; it was he who first offered his powerful army to Prussia to repel the attack of France in 1870; it was he to whose munificent and artistic propensities (some people would say whose madness) the world may be said to owe the full development of the genius Wagner.

He is a man of many qualities which endear him to his subjects. He has intelligence of a very high order, in which three ideas only are said to be wanting, namely, ideas of time, distance and money. It is the lack of these which constitute his madness. His insanity is distinctly hereditary. The founder of his race had several passions amounting almost to lunacy. His grandfather had periodical attacks. His great uncle, the father of the Empress of Austria, is said to have several eccentricities more curious than describable. His brother, Prince Otto, is utterly mad and cannot bear a rag of clothing on him. He is confined in the Castle of Nymphenburg, near Munich, where his insanity takes a disgusting form.

Ludwig II. was so unfortunate as to be King at 18. His first love engagement was broken off under circumstances savoring of lunacy. He wrote to his fiancee a letter beginning, "My Dear Elsa," and signed it "Thy Lohengrin." The lady showed this to her relatives. The royal letter became a stock joke at the Court. The King, hearing of it, broke off the engagement, and went into retirement. His insanity then took the form of madness for building. Before it was exhausted it had cost the good people of Bavaria thirty-six million of francs. At present he sees almost no one to speak to. He passes his time reading French books. The only society he cares for is his lackeys.

Most of his mad tricks are known to everybody. Chief among them are the dramatic and musical performances, with himself as the sole audience. These performances were conducted in the most elaborate manner, while in the corner of the royal box the King sat silent. At other times when the snow was deep in the Bavarian mountains he would go sleighing at night in a strange sleigh, marvellously decorated and lighted by electricity. At other times he would ride at full speed by torch-light through the mountains in imitation of Goethe's Erl Koenig. The increase of his madness dates from such a ride six years ago when his horse fell upon him.

The Commissioner sent to get his signature for his own deposition met with some attempts at resistance from the peasants of the vicinity of Hohenschwangan, who are deeply attached to him, but were overawed by a force of gendarmes. The King hid himself, barricading himself in a room in his castle. The latest dispatches state that the doctors have forced their way in to see him; that he is raving mad and already under medical treatment. He has now been induced to permit himself to be removed to Schlossburg, his residence on Lake Sternberg, about 15 miles from Munich. Pope Leo has already sent congratulations to the new Regent.

SUICIDE OF A KING.

The Deposed Ruler of Bavaria Jumps Into a Lake.

Munich, June 14.—King Ludwig, who was recently deposed from the Bavarian throne, committed suicide at 6 o'clock yesterday evening. He had gone out for a promenade in the park of the Berg castle, accompanied by Dr. Gudden, his physician. The King suddenly threw himself into Starnberg Lake and was drowned. The physician jumped into the water to secure the King, and was also drowned. When King Ludwig on Saturday took his departure from Munich for Berg Castle, the scenes along the route of the journey were very affecting. The peasants knelt in the roadways weeping. The King responded to their greetings mournfully but kindly. He looked pale and weary. The utmost precautions had been taken to prevent him from committing suicide.

The Lock Haven *Express*, June 4, says the Hessian fly is making terrible havoc in the wheat fields in that county, and especially in Nittany Valley. A gentleman who has traveled over the entire county states that the present appearance of the wheat fields indicates that the yield will not be half what it should be, owing to the raveges of this pest of the wheat growers. Our informant states that he saw one farmer pull up a stock of wheat in which was found 13 of the larva of the fly. Early sowing of the seed, and the unusual warm weather in March are supposed to be the cause for so extraordinary an increase in the numbers of the fly as is to be seen this season.

VALCANO IN NEW ZELAND.

London, June 9.—Advices from New Zaland bring the intelligence of a disastrous volcanic eruption, accompanied by earthquake shocks, at Tarawera, in the province of Wi ou. The town has been almost wholly destroyed, and hundreds of natives and Europeans have perished.

FLOUR AS AN EXPLOSIVE.

What Might Happen If Millers Were Only Anarchists.

A Minneapolis man talked long with a manufacturer of mill machinery whom he met at the Gilsey House last evening. The latest improvements in bran dusters, smut machines, cockle separators and corn meal bolts were fully discussed. Then came the strikes, and both admitted that in most cases the strikers were right—the exceptions, of course, being those of striking millers.

"If millers were anarchists," said the Minnesota man, "they could blow up every flour mill in Minneapolis without using dynamite. God only knows the power millers have in their hands if they were only devils enough to use it. A flour mill in operation is almost as dangerous as a powder magazine, and has to be watched as closely. Every coal miner is afraid of fire damp, and every miller knows that his mill is likely to be blown up with a terrible explosion at any moment. To some people this would seem like an exaggeration, but I tell you it is a solemn fact. What blew up your mills in Barclay street a few years ago? What leveled a whole block of stone mills in Minneapolis not long since, so that it looked as though a cyclone had struck the city? Nothing in the world but flour—one of the deadliest and most powerful explosives known.

"If you stand in a flour mill, near the stones, and look across the room toward the sunlight, you will see that the air is loaded with fine grain dust. If you had microscopic eyes, you would see yourself surrounded with small atoms of grain of all kinds. Those atoms form an explosive substance more powerful than any known to nihilists, and their presence, though inevitable, is what makes a flour mill as dangerous as a powder pit. Suppose you take a dry ear of corn and set it on fire. It will burn slowly. Shell the ear and fire the kernels, and it burns much more rapidly. Grind the corn, and it will burn like paper. Reduce it to powder—to dust—and if ignited it goes off like a flash. That is the state in which flour is dangerous, when it is finer than flour. If a mill becomes overcharged with this dust, and it is ignited, away goes the mill.

"Several years ago the large Washington Mills in Minneapolis caught fire. They were going at the time. Those who knew the danger gave the alarm and got out as lively as they could."

"Did the mills blow up?"

"I should say they did. The walls were made of stone, six feet thick, and when the explosion came they tumbled out like straw board. The sheet iron roof was blown so high from one of the Washington Mills that the wind carried it two miles. Men watching the fire at a distance were blown through windows, knocked down, hurled through the air, and several were killed. Sometimes the lighting of a pipe in a grain house will demolish the building. In a Scotland mill a man once lit a segar. In a second the room seemed filled with fire and there was a terrible roar. When the smoke cleared away the four walls of the mill lay flat on the ground, and the roof lay several hundred feet away. With the exception of a bad scare and a singeing not a person was hurt. The dust burned, creating a great heat.

THE CHAMPION HORSE THIEF OF TEXAS.

El Paso, Texas, June 10.—Matt Arnold, the most noted horse thief in Western Texas, was killed in an encounter with a sheriff's posse at a point 40 miles north of Sierra Blanca, Tex. Arnold had operated in New Mexico and Western Texas for the past ten years, and has stolen perhaps a thousand head of horses in that time. His scheme was to drive them into Mexico and sell them. His encounters with the authorities have been innumerable, but he seemed to have a charmed life, and always escaped though death seemed inevitable. His last exploit was to steal forty horses from a big ranche in the northeastern part of El Paso county. He was assisted by a boy, 19 years old, named Joel Wells, whom he met as the lad was returning on horseback from California, and persuaded to join in the vocation of horse thief. The posse had been on the track of the thieves for five days, and suddenly came upon them near a thicket in the evening, just as Arnold was corraling the heard for the night. Arnold and the boy at once opened fire on the posse, retreating towards the thicket. The boy Wells was hit twice, and was finally captured and taken to Sierra Blanca. Arnold reached the thicket, but the posse riddled him with bullets, and left his body lying there for the wolves.

THINKS HE WILL GET A NEW TRIAL.

Mifflintown, June 11.—The motion for a new trial in the McMeen poisoning case was argued here on Tuesday and Wednesday. It is generally believed now that the defendant will get a new trial on account of several damaging irregularities connected with the first trial. The evidence is claimed to be insufficient to justify a conviction. It is the common belief that the defendant is guilty.

VANCOUVER IN ASHES.

Three Thousand People Homeless.

Toronto, June 14.—The Mayor has received a dispatch stating that Vancouver is in ashes, and that 3,000 people are homeless and asking for aid at once.

Subscribe for the Reporter.

A COLLEGE FOR THE COLORED.

Claflin Institute, the University of Orangeburg, South Carolina.

Claflin institute was founded in 1869 by Hon. Lee Claflin, of Boston, father of Governor Claflin, "for the higher education of freedmen." He bought the buildings and grounds of the Orangeburg female college, with other loose property that outlasted the Sherman raid through this section. The building was burned in 1870, and in a few months, on the same sight was erected the present commodious and attractive three-story brick. At first the school was a purely missionary institution, but it has followed the usual course of such schools in the south—that is, the state has adopted it and added new departments. This system makes of this university, as of many others in the south, a composite affair, which I find it hard to describe to readers accustomed to think only of such unitary institutions as those of Ann Arbor and Madison.

The state of South Carolina had long had a place for white boys to take the agricultural course in the South Carolina college at Columbia; so it added an exactly similar course for colored boys, attached it to Claflin, and now maintains three professors here. The mechanical department came next; so this university is, you may say, one-third the Claflin Mission college for freedmen, one-third South Carolina's colored department of Columbia college, and one-third a manual training school, the whole under the original Bostonian management, tempered by some very mild provisions on behalf of this state. The pupils pass from one class-room to the other without consciousness of a change of jurisdiction, and the two departments work in the utmost harmony. The state has three professors in the institute—Prof. W. J. Detreville, of mathematics; Prof. James S. Haywood, of natural sciences, and Prof. Julian A. Salley, also of mathematics. And by the way, all three of these represent old and historic South Carolina families. But they are joined in the most cordial relations with a Massachusetts faculty, teaching science to the sons and daughters of slaves, which good-hearted people might take for a proof that the war is over.

The total enrollment is 431, but not more than 300 are now in attendance. The farm consists of 116 acres and is well cultivated—quite a model. In the carpenter shop furniture is made of Georgia pine. The girls, who nearly equal the boys in number, do the housework, etc. A new system, however, is now to be adopted, and the first building for it is nearly completed, that is, the model home. Sixteen colored girls are to occupy each house, under control of a matron, and practically master every detail of cooking, washing, ironing, sewing, and adornment. It is worth stating that in the nine years of the institute under the new system there has not been a death during term or a scandal. Both sexes enjoy the freedom of the grounds and have occasional social meetings, and the result seems to indicate that manual labor is good for young people's manners and morals.—"Parke" in Chicago Times.

All Want Something Above Them.

I remember discussing the permanency of English institutions with a man who had been in half the governments of England the last fifty years. He expressly invited my opinions, and I spoke freely. I said that of course the aristocracy and the upper classes are content with their condition, and even with the general state of affairs; that the middle class—comprising those who live by the aristocracy—the tradesmen, the domestic servants, and the farmers, and higher still, those who aspire to enter the aristocracy, or, at least, to associate with it—all these are unwilling to disturb that order which is at once their support and their pride; but when the class below all these is reached, the manufacturing working class, and the agricultural laborer—10,000,000 at least in number—I doubt whether content is universal or whether, if they had the power, they would use it to maintain either crown or lords. It was then that he replied with the remark: "Every Englishman is at heart a lackey. We all want something above us; something to look to."—Adam Badeau's Letter.

AN ELECTRIC ELEVATED RAILWAY.

St. Louis, June 14.—There will be introduced into the House of Delegates tomorrow evening a bill authorizing the construction, maintenance and operation of an electric elevated railway, double track, standard gauge, with sidings, turnouts and buildings. The termini of the railroad will be at Fourth street and Forest park, the distance between being about 4½ miles. The road will be constructed as nearly as possible over the middle of the streets along which it shall run upon machine wrought irons, and the motive power shall be electricity only.

LOCK HAVEN TO HAVE A NAIL MILL.

Lock Haven, June 10.—The terms for the erecttion of the nail mill have been agreed upon with competent, reliable and practical parties, and the work of constructing the mill will commence within the next 30 days. The mill is to be a good sized one, and it is expected to have it in operation within 3 months from the time the work of erection commences.

LUMBERMAN MISSING.

Williamsport, Pa., June 14.—The well-known Lumberman, D. H. Stetler, whose home is at Montoursville, and who has been operating in this city, is missing ing for the past two weeks.

A BODY WITH THE THTOAT CUT.

Clearfield, Pa., June 14.—The dead body of an unknown man with his throat cut was found in the woods near here yesterday. There is no clew to the mystery.

President Cleveland refuses to accept wedding presents from foreign Potentates. The President knows where to draw the line.

The Port Alleghany *Reporter* believes that the nomination of Senator Wallace for Governor will add 25,000 to the Democratic vote of the state.

"Let's get ahead, Tilly, or we won't get a seat," whispered a neat yet tastefully dressed young business lady to her companion, as a street car came around the switch the other evening. The two young women, followed by a dozen others, stepped out into the muddy street, and while the car was yet slowly moving they stepped aboard and crowded into it. They found about all the seats filled with "horrid men" who had got in within the last two blocks on the down trip!

Between the hours of 5 and 7 o'clock in the evening, at the time when the great drive of trade ceases, when the blinds of stores are pulled down, and the whistle of the factory blows its signal of rest, then the great down-town starting points of travel to the different divisions of the city become the field of such scenes as described. The great aggregation of tired, weary-looking, anxious-to-get-home old men and young girls, workmen and workwomen is found watching and waiting about 6 o'clock working day evening, on the corner of State and Randolph streets. Here they tarry for the street car that takes them nearest their homes. Fourteen lines of the west and south division street railways pass from this corner. The young women who appear in the double line of waiting people show by their weary attitude that they have been on their feet during the ten or eleven hours of their day's work, and with sudden eagerness, as the car appears, they put forth their last effort of strength to get a seat in the car, and generally succeed.

The corners are filled with men, women, and young people bound for the west, southwest, and south sides. The westsiders, as usual, have the worst of it, for it seems customary for two cars to pull around a corner at a time, one very closely after the other, and those wishing to ride on the first car have sometimes to walk or run in the mud several steps before reaching it. Many of them are women, some of whom, fearing the first car will not stop, in their excitement suddenly hitch up their skirts and their bundles and run to catch it, to their great distress and annoyance, as a loud guffaw of laughter at their mistake usually comes from a few well-dressed, high-collared, plug-hatted, but "please-don't-call-me-a-dude" fellows that are standing on the corner watching them.

CROWD AT THE STARTING POINTS.

The character of the crowd at the starting points vary with the march of time from 5 o'clock to 7. From 5 to 6 the stream of workers is from the public and office buildings, the great dry goods and other stores, professional men, and the men and women employed in the half-hundred light employments within the radius of a quarter of a mile from the court house. Some of the men wear high hats, more of them do not; but a good many of them go in couples or threes into some one of the down-town gorgeous whisky palaces, and feeling the weariness coming from the day's labor, take refreshments, say three broad fingersful, and a "set 'em up again," and then are ready to get on their cars and wrestle, probably successfully, with their boarding-house suppers.

The women who fill the street cars at the same time are, like all American women, dressed in excellent taste, with nobby hats, made over, probably, two or three times, and all of them carry a reticule, in which a sandwich, a piece of cake or pie, and a hard-boiled egg could be concealed. Some of them have a tired look on their faces, but the most of them are talking in groups of two or three, keeping a sharp eye, however, on securing a seat in the car that is to carry them home.

Later, after 6 o'clock, comes the great outpouring of the mechanics and helpers from the workshops and factories that fill the upper floors of almost every building down-town not used for offices. Men and women, youths and lassies, all, at the sound of the 6 o'clock whistle, hurry down the flights of stairs and crowding the sidewalks. Many of them hasten to the place where they can secure a seat in a street car. Then car after car loaded down with human freight leaves the dingy working division of the city for the quiet streets where industry has built its long lines of comfortable, if modest, homes.

When the 4:10 night car reaches the same switch where races for seats were taking place ten hours before another crowd appears from the doorways and basement steps, and shrill whistles from belated travelers are heard from the adjoining streets. This time the car is occupied by night workers, generally printers and others employed on morning papers. There are also men that have been spending the night in dissipation, and couples in fantastic costumes on their way home from some protracted public masquerade ball. Many of the late passengers at first enter into a lively conversation, accompanied by winks and loud laughter over the events of evening. Soon, however, after the first few blocks are passed there is much yawning and nodding. In fact, dozing is the chief characteristic of many of the people that patronize the night cars. They scramble for the corner seats, because they are the most comfortable places for sleeping. The night conductors, knowing the streets at which their old habitues get off, seldom fail to arouse them when the time comes to alight.—Chicago News.

A Temperance Society in Paris.

Attempts have been made several times to found a temperance society in Paris, but without success. The Parisian can not be induced to give up his wine. Light wines are cheap in Paris, and what is more are considered essential luxuries of diet, owing to the bad quality of the water, which is indeed undrinkable in some parts of the town. The drinking habits of the people are growing, for, within the last few years, the consumption of alcoholic liquor has been doubled. The latest attempt to start a teetotal society is that made by the Societe de la Croix-Bleu. A branch of this society was established in Paris a year ago, and, notwithstanding the vigilance of the pioneer reformers, they have only succeeded in capturing about fifty persons.—Chicago Herald.

Lake Tulare To Be Lowered.

It is proposed to permanently lower Tulare lake, California, to fifteen feet below its present level, which will reclaim 375,000 acres, including swamp land, all now under water or subject to frequent overflow. This is to be effected by a canal of twelve feet average depth, which is to extend from Tulare lake to a junction with the San Joaquin river, at the head of navigation, distant about forty miles north from the lake. The cost is estimated at $1,000,000.—Chicago Herald.

The Baroness Burdette-Coutts is having gratifying success in her enterprise of cooking food for the poor of Westminster.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Dr. R. W. Pease, a well-known surgeon, died suddenly in Syracuse, New York, on the 28th. John R. Bartlett, ex-Secretary of State of Rhode Island, died on the 28th in Providence. He was one of the United States Commissioners to fix the boundary line between the United States and Mexico.

—At Beloit, Wisconsin, on the 28th, a Salvation Army Corps was holding a meeting at a street corner, when the Mayor, who had previously forbidden the beating of the Salvation drums, finding they did not heed the order, directed them to close their exercises and return to their barracks at once. Immediately a riot took place. "A great crowd rushed upon the Salvationists, a number of whom were women. The drums and musical instruments of the Army were demolished, and citizens were pushed down and trampled upon. Some of the Salvationists were trampled upon, and the Captain was hurried to jail to save him from violence."

—Full returns of the election in Richmond, Virginia, show that Lee, Democrat, for City Sergeant, was defeated by Smith, Independent, by a majority of over 2600. The Board of Aldermen stands 9 Democrats and 9 Independents; Common Council, 9 Democrats and 21 Independents, making an Independent majority of 12 on joint ballot.

—Two railroad contractors named Maloney were killed and another named Foley was mortally injured by the premature explosion of a blast on the Midland Railroad in Colorado on the 28th ult.

—The "Red Men," a gang of ruffians in West Virginia, two or three nights ago took Mr. and Mrs. George Keck from their house in Ritchie county, tied them to trees in the adjacent woods, and beat them savagely with hickory withes. They then burned Keck's house and left. Twelve of the ruffians have been arrested, and warrants are out for the others.

—A locomotive on the Illinois Central Railroad exploded near Wildwood, on the 29th ult., injurying three train hands, one mortally. A passenger train from New Orleans, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, was thrown from the track, near McDonald's Station, Alabama, on the 28th ult., by the spreading of the rails. The engine and cars were badly damaged, and two train hands and two passengers received severe injuries.

—Antonio Nardello was hanged on the 28th in Washington for the murder of Carmine Rotunno, committed last July. The motive of the crime was robbery.

—A severe storm of hail, rain and lightning visited Rutland, Vermont, and the surrounding country on the 30th ult. Some of the hailstones were three inches in diameter. Much damage was done by the bursting of a sewer. Several persons were stunned by the lightning. A heavy rain and wind storm passed over Fort Keogh, Montana, on the 29th ult., doing much damage.

—A passenger train on the Midland Railroad, of Iowa, ran into three drunken young men near Goose Lake on the 30th ult. One of the men was killed, another so badly injured that he died soon after, and the third escaped with slight bruises.

—Major H. C. Russell, a notorious gambler, was found dead in his room in Indianapolis, on the 30th ult, having committed suicide by taking morphine and chloroform. He left a note to his wife, from whom he had separated, saying that "he was in debt, and life was not worth living." Russell had much literary talent, and under the *nom de plume* of "Old Time Rocks" wrote sketches and poems evincing more than average ability.

—John K. Boas, lumber dealer, of Reading, Penna., made an assignment on the 30th ult. His assets are reported at $40,000; liabilities not given.

—Lightning struck the steeple of the First Presbyterian Church, in Camden, N. J., on the 31st ult., and slightly damaged one of the copper rods at the top and stunned two men who were near by.

—George H. Leonard, an attorney of Chicago, disappeared a short time ago, and his relatives said he was insane. It turns out that he has swindled a number of persons out of sums aggregating about $40,000, and the belief is general that he has betaken himself to Canada.

—A telegram from Durango, Colorado, says the Ute Indians bought large quantities of arms and ammunition there last week. They also purchased a number of saddles and a greater number of useful articles than usual. "It is expected by some that they are preparing to make trouble if the removal scheme is not carried out satisfactorily."

—Chief Engineer Eckel, of the fire department of Syracuse, New York, was killed on the 1st at a fire in that city by being run over by a truck. A team in Greenville, Maine, was struck by lightning on the 30th ult., and Frederick Mansell was killed. Three boys, also in the barn, were knocked down and one of them was severely burned.

—Thirty buildings in Pensacola, Florida, were destroyed on the 1st by a fire which started in "a low gambling dive." The loss is estimated at $60,000, and about 100 persons are homeless. A fire in Bramfield, Illinois, on the 1st, destroyed a hardware store, a grocery store, a bank, a church and the post-office, causing a loss of $50,000.

—John Kelly, the famous Tammany leader, died on the 1st in New York. He had been ill for several months, but a few weeks ago his condition improved. Last Sunday evening he was taken with a fainting fit and gradually became weaker until the end. He was conscious to the last. Major General George J. Stannard, of Vermont, died on the 1st in Washington, aged about 60 years. During the war he served with distinction as commander of a brigade in the Army of the Potomac.

—One of the men who blew open the County Treasurer's safe at Perryville, Missouri, and robbed it of $6000, has been arrested and $1326 of the money recovered from him. He has made a confession.

—Patrick Crowley has been arrested in Peabody, Massachusetts, on the charge of murdering his wife on the 31st ult., while both were drunk. In New York, on the 1st, August Enkau, employed in a shoe shop on Eighth Avenue, fired at, and, it is believed fatally wounded, a fellow-workman, named Christian Ehring. Enkau then shot himself in the head, and is not expected to recover. The cause of the tragedy is unknown.

—George McNair, colored, aged 19 years, was hanged on the 1st, at Jacksonville, North Carolina, for a felonious assault upon a little white girl.

—There was a general rain throughout the Northwest on the 31st ult., which relieved the personal fears of a drought.

—Two hundred Mormons, in charge of an elder named Pratt, arrived at New York on the 1st, by the steamer Nevada, from Liverpool.

—The public debt statement for May, issued on the 1st, shows a reduction of $8,828,565.

—Martin Buzzard, one of the Welsh Mountain thieves, was on the 2d lodged in jail at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, on charges of larceny and horse stealing. Two men, named Johnson, and another named Lovett, were arrested at Albion, Idaho, on the 31st ult. for robbing the United States mail. The robbery was committed in April last, when the the thieves secured the treasure box of Wells Fargo, containing $12,500. "The Johnsons are notorious desperadoes, having been connected with various deeds of outlawry in Texas, Idaho, and elsewhere." Judge T. W. Hooper, of Monroe county, Arkansas, was on the 2d placed in the penitentiary at Little Rock, for having issued $8000 of spurious county scrip. William McLean, the Monmouth Park bookmaker, who was convicted last week, has been sentenced at Freehold, New Jersey, to pay a fine of $350 and the costs of the prosecution. The case has been appealed.

—A passenger train on the Pittsburg, Chicago and St. Louis Railroad was wrecked near Windfall, Indiana, by striking a flat car which had been run on the main track. Several cars were thrown from the track and the baggage car was badly damaged. Two train men were severely injured, and one passenger suffered hemorrhage of the lungs from the shock.

—Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, was married to Miss Frances Folsom in the White House, at Washington, on the evening of the 2d. Rev. Dr. Sunderland performed the ceremony. Shortly afterwards the newly married couple left on a special train for Deer Park, Maryland, where they will spend at least a part of the honeymoon.

—John Most, the Anarchist, was sentenced in New York on the 2d, to one year's imprisonment in the penitentiary and payment of a fine of $500. His associate, Braunschweig, was sentenced to 9 months and $250 fine. Schenck was sentenced to the penitentiary for 9 months, but not fined.

—The saw mill of T. Jerome & Co., two salt blocks, a cooper shop and several other buildings in Carrollton, Michigan, were burned on the 1st. Loss, $55,000. The Roller Corn Mill of S. P. Young & Co., at Dallas, Texas, was burned on the 1st. Loss, $30,000.

—A local freight engine on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad exploded on the 3d, at Bellaire, Ohio, killing three train hands. The shock of the explosion smashed window glass for squares around, and fragments of the engine were blown through an adjacent house, doing great damage to the furniture.

—A hand car containing Section Boss Faust and four other men was passing over the Ohio river trestle bridge, opposite Thirty-second street, Wheeling, on the 2d, when Faust tried to check the speed of the car by pressing down the brakes. He fell forward in front of the car, and it was thrown by his body into the almost dry bed of the stream thirty-five feet below. Two men, named Connors and Kindleberger, were so badly injured that they died in a few minutes. The other three, Tucker, Barner and Faust, were also fatally injured.

—Henry Dunham, aged 18 years, living in the family of Austin Waite, near Oswego, New York, on the 3d, shot and dangerously, if not mortally wounded Mrs. Waite. He then committed suicide.

—Twenty years ago in Grant county, Kentucky, G. W. Osborn and Samuel Anderson, sons of prosperous farmers, quarrelled, and Anderson shot and killed Osborn and then fled. A short time ago a man forty years of age, haggard and worn, returned to the scene of the murder and gave himself up as the murderer. He was disbelieved at first, but the matter was investigated, and new indictments were made out, and the case has been called for trial.

—It is reported that one hundred White Mountain Apaches have left their reservation and are raiding in Graham and Cochise counties, Arizona.

—The town of Akita, Japan, was almost entirely destroyed by fire early last month. More than 3000 houses were consumed. The Vandalia Railroad freight house, near the eastern approach of the bridge in East St. Louis, was burned on the 2d, with a quantity of freight and five empty freight cars. Loss, $75,000. A special officer of the road, who testified before the Congressional Committee regarding the strike, was fired at twice as he was entering the house to save property, but the bullets missed their aim.

—Several young women climbed the fire-bell tower in Aspen, Colorado, on the 2d, to get a view of the town. One of them, named Stewart, was leaning against a corner-post at the edge of the tower, when the bell suddenly rang. The clang startled her, and she fell to the pavement, sixty feet below, suffering fatal injuries.

—The store of Joseph Salliotte, in Ecorse, near Detroit, was wrecked on the 2d, by an explosion from some unknown cause, and four of the inmates were injured, one dangerously.

—Yellow fever is said to be now epidemic on the Isthmus of Panama, the deaths from the disease averaging 40 per day.

—The U. S. revenue cutter Dix, on the 3d, brought into Tampa, Florida, and turned over to Deputy Collector Spencer, the Spanish schooners Isabel and Paco, captured off Clearwater, for the same offence as the Clotilde, recently carried to Cedar Keys by the same cutter.

—Fourteen additional Knights of Labor were arrested in Milwaukee on the 2d on indictments from the Grand Jury. Twelve of the indictments are for conspiracy—boycotting—and two for rioting. All were released on bail; the conspirators in $1000, the rioters in $2000 each.

Charles A. Buddensiek, the tumble-down tenement house builder, convicted of manslaughter, in New York, was on the 3d, taken to Sing Sing Penitentiary to serve out his sentence of ten years' imprisonment at hard labor.

—A copper bomb, about 12 inches in length, fully charged and operated by clockwork, was found on the 2d, under the sidewalk of a saloon on West Lake street, Chicago. The saloon, kept by a man named Grief, has been for several months a resort of Socialists.

—In Baltimore on the 3d, Jacob Rosenthal was arrested and locked up to await the result of an attempt to murder Louis Goldstein by pouring vitriol into one of his ears while he was sleeping. Goldstein is said to be in a critical condition.

FORTY-NINTH CONGRESS.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on 1st, the Chair presented a letter from the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting a recommendation of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury that $30,500 be appropriated for repairing the Philadelphia Court House. Mr. Beck introduced a bill prohibiting under a penalty of a fine not exceeding $5000, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, members of Congress from acting as attorneys or employes of railroad companies that hold charters or have had grants from the United States. The bill extending the eight-hour law to letter-carriers was called up by Mr. Miller and passed. The consideration of the Northern Pacific Land Forfeiture bill was resumed. At 2 o'clock the bill went over and the Bankruptcy bill was taken up. Mr. George moved to strike from the bill all the sections providing for involuntary proceedings in bankruptcy. Mr. Hoar wanted to lay the amendment on the table. Lost—Yeas, 14; nays, 25. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 28th, a resolution directing an investigation of the matter of appointments of Indian traders by the Commissioner of Indian Affairs was reported. Consideration of the Northern Pacific land grant forfeiture bill was resumed, and continued until two o'clock, when the bill went over. Mr. Van Wyck's bill for the taxation of railroad lands was taken up, but the discussion on the Northern Pacific forfeiture question was kept up. Finally the Senate went into executive session, and when the doors were reopened adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 2d, the consideration of the Northern Pacific Forfeiture bill was resumed, and it was debated until 12 o'clock, when it went over to give place to the Railroad Land Taxation bill. Pending its consideration the Senate went into executive session, and when the doors were reopened adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 3d, Mr. Dawes presented a petition from the City Council of Gloucester, Massachusetts, asking for retaliation for the Canadian seizures of American fishing vessels. After some discussion of the subject by Messrs. Dawes, Edmunds and Hale, the petition was referred. The resolution of Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, for an investigation of the appointments of Indian traders was agreed to. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House, on the 28th, the consideration of the Oleomargarine bill was continued, and about half the bill was gone over in Committee of the Whole, all amendments being voted down. An evening session was held for the disposal of private pension bills. Adjourned.

In the House on the 1st, the communication of the Supervising Architect of the Treasury asking $39,500 for the repair of the Philadelphia Court House was presented. Bills were reported amending the laws relative to the transmission of lottery advertisements through the mails, and for the forfeiture of the land grant to the New Orleans, Baton Rouge and Vicksburg Railroad Company. The House then went into Committee on the Oleomargarine bill. An amendment was agreed to, reducing from 10 to 8 cents per pound the tax on oleomargarine. Mr. Dunham moved to strike out the taxing section. Lost—yeas, 30; nays, 134. Pending further action the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

In the House on the 2d, the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Oleomargarine bill. After much discussion and the adoption of several amendments, the Committee rose and reported the bill to the House, the understanding being that a vote should be taken, and that an opportunity should be given to allow members to pass upon the question of reducing the rate of tax imposed. The House then adjourned.

In the House on the 3d, Mr. O'Neill, of Missouri, from the Committee on Labor, reported back the Senate bill extending to letter carriers the provisions of the eight-hour law. The consideration of the Oleomargarine bill was resumed, and, after a long struggle and debate, the bill was passed as reported from the committee, except that the tax was fixed at five cents per pound. The vote on the bill was: Yeas, 177; nays, 101. Adjourned.

An Easter Custom.

I met her Easter morning
In the old Cathedral aisle,
And early at the service
She gave me bow and smile.

The sexton old had vanished,
The organist asleep;
I asked if ancient customs
It were not well to keep.

"Oh, yes," she gravely answered;
"To which do you refer?"
"'Tis one the Greeks now practice;
"'Tis pleasing, I aver."

"Oh! something quaint and olden!
And could we do it here?"
Slyly I glanced about us,
And saw no one was near.

"I think we might," she answered;
For how could I resist?
I wonder if the preacher
Knew some one had been kissed!

A PIECE OF CLOTH.

"Step a little brisker, Nell," said I to my horse, with a chirp.

I was riding along a country road, with dense woods on both sides. It was fast getting dark, and although I cannot say that I feared anything, still I had no desire to be in the shadow of the trees in the dark; hence I was in a hurry. I still had at least five miles to go, and it was doubtful whether I would reach the end of the forest before dark.

I rode on a mile, in silence, when suddenly I thought I heard a groan.

"Whoa, Nell!"

My horse stopped and I listened attentively. Hearing nothing, I started my horse, but had hardly gone a few steps when the sound again fell on my ear. This time I dismounted, and telling my horse to stand still, made my way through the bushes and looked about for the person who seemed to be in distress. The person gave vent to another groan, and led by the sound, I soon stumbled upon the prostrate body of a man.

"What's up?" asked I quickly, as I bent over him.

He replied by another groan, and writhed as if in terrible pain. Finding that I could get nothing out of him, I quickly collected a pile of dry branches and lit a fire. The flames flared up, and by their light I again looked at the stranger. I could scarcely believe my eyes. It was my brother, who had shared my boyhood's troubles and joys.

I stood for some time as one stupefied; but when he uttered another groan I tenderly bent over him and quickly unbuttoned his coat. A ghastly wound in his side met my view, and I realized that it had been made by a ball from a pistol. A fierce desire rose in my breast—the desire for revenge. Can you blame me?

"Who did it, Alf?" asked I fiercely. "Tell me who did it."

My brother tried to answer me, but could not articulate a word. I ran to a neighboring brook and filled my hat with water, and letting him drink some, I moistened his face and hands; and then wetting my handkerchief I placed it on the wound. I knew my brother could not live, and I only wished to find out who did the terrible deed.

"Tell me who did it, Alf?" petitioned I.

"Promise you won't murder!" said he faintly.

"I'll let the law take its course."

"Don't know his name," said he. "He's a pretty tall man—black eyes and hair—young—little finger on right ——"

He stopped suddenly and quickly, placed his hand on the wound as if it pained him. I gave him more water, but he never spoke another word. I stood over the corpse a few moments and gave full play to my thoughts. These were abruptly stopped by the neigh of the horse. I then realized my situation and made haste to get away from the spot. Then and there, over the body of my dead brother, I vowed to seek out the murderer if possible. I then took up the body and placed it before me on my horse Nell and rode quickly toward the village,

As I rode along, my thoughts were none of the most exhilarating, as the reader may easily imagine. My brother's dead body before me, I felt as though there was nothing for which to live; but then the desire for revenge again took possession of me, and, naturally enough my thoughts turned and dwelt upon the murderer.

"Pretty tall, with black eyes and hair, and young!" repeated I, again and again. There were many of that description, and it would be hard to find the murderer of my brother from among them. His last words were the only clew:

"Little finger on right——"

Most probably he meant "hand;" he could not well have meant anything else. But what of the little finger of his right hand? Was it hurt in any way, cut or bruised? He might have meant that, or he might also have meant that the finger was off entirely; in fact, I at last concluded that he intended to say the latter.

I soon reached the village, and deposited my burden at my boarding-place. No parents were living, and the only ones who really mourned were Nellie Burton—who had been engaged to my brother—and myself.

After the funeral I proceeded to the place where the murder had been committed to see whether I could not find another clew. I found one thing which I thought might prove something, but hardly had any expectations that it would. It was a piece of cloth, of a bright color and fantastic print, which had been bound round a finger. I placed it carefully in my inner vest pocket and went home.

I did not feel like hunting out the murderer yet, but decided to remain in the village for some time. I thought, too, that the villain might be in our very midst.

A week after the funeral I found myself at Nellie Burton's house as a visitor. I was there introduced to a stranger whose name was Hiram Sheffield. I had not been there long when I saw he was aspiring to gain the hand of Nellie. This did not please me over much. He seemed to feel disappointed when she did not seem merry; for it showed that she had cared more for Alfred Lawrence, my brother, than he wished.

"Miss Burton seems to have cared a great deal for your brother, Mr. Lawrence," said he to me, once, when Nellie had left the room

There was a scarcely perceptible sneer in his voice, that stung my heart to the core.

"They were engaged," answered I, shortly.

"Have you any suspicions as to who murdered your brother?"

"None at all," answered I, wondering what business it was of his.

"No clew?"

"Nothing particular."

He got up and walked away, to more agreeable company, I supposed, and I was as glad he was gone. He had spoken of my brother lightly, and I could not like the man. A little while after Nellie came to me.

"Dick," said she to me, "have you ever met Mr. Sheffield before?"

"Never, that I know of," answered I.

"Do you like him?"

"I cannot say I do. He spoke lightly of Alfred."

"Why! he did not know him."

"No. He only seems to have heard of him. Who is he?"

"A friend of a friend of my father," answered she, somewhat gayly, as she walked away.

When I went home I was invited by Mr. Sheffield to call upon him.

"To-morrow night, Mr. Lawrence, if you please," said he as we parted. "I hope we'll be friends."

I went home, and my thoughts dwelt upon Mr. Sheffield. I had some serious thoughts of refusing the invitation, but overcame my dislike and concluded to go. So the next night found me at the residence of the Sheffields.

I was shown into the parlor, and told that Hiram would be down soon. Presently a little girl of ten came in.

"Hiram said he'd be down right away," said she, as she seated herself upon a low chair. She then opened a small basket and poured the contents into her lap. They were only rags, probably used for her doll.

"They're to dress my doll-baby," said she, proudly. Suddenly a piece of cloth among her collection caught my view.

"Will you let me see this?" asked I, as I took it.

"Oh, yes," answered she. "Hiram tore a piece off for his finger. It was bleeding awful, and he didn't cry a bit!"

Fortunately I had the scrap which I had picked up in the woods with me. I took it out and held it to the other piece. It fitted exactly, and the print was just the same. I handed her back the piece, and presently Hiram came in. I kept up appearances as well as I could, answering his questions in monosyllables, but asking none by myself.

During the interview I observed his right hand very carefully, and at one time, when he put his hand to his mouth, the little finger was shown plainly. I was sure of my man then.

Hiram Sheffield was rather tall with black eyes and hair, and was young! The little finger on his right hand was terribly scarred, and seemed like a mass of bruised flesh.

Yes, undoubtedly he was my brother's murderer! I felt as though I could scarcely keep my fingers from his throat. But why had he done it? What was my brother to him? Then I thought of Nellie Burton—perhaps she had something to do with it!

I left Mr. Scheffield on the plea of illness, and he consented, with the admonition to call again. I immediately proceeded to Mr. Burton's residence, and asked for Nellie.

As I was an old friend of the family, I readily obtained permission. From her I ascertained the following facts:

Mr. Sheffield had come to our village a few months before, and had often visited the Burton's.

Just before the murder he had proposed to Nellie (she told me with a blush), and she had told him that she was engaged to Alfred. He had stayed away until after my brother's funeral and now he again came regularly.

I concluded that he had learned to know my brother by sight, and meeting him in the forest had slain him, in order to put him out of his way. My brother had doubtlessly intended to say:

"The little finger on his right hand was bandaged," or something to that effect.

I was not long in letting "the law take its course," and Mr. Hiram Sheffield was arrested and thrown into prison.

At his trial I gave my evidence, and he was condemned to die. Even when I was told that he had committed suicide, I felt that my desire for revenge was satiated, for I deem death by one's own hand as disgraceful as hanging, or, at least, very nearly so.

Reader, do you blame me when I tell you that Nellie Burton is my wife? I hope not, for her devotion to my beloved brother won my love, and when, a few years afterward, she acknowledged that she loved me almost as well as my dead brother, I was satisfied. I could hardly expect that she would love me as well.

A NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

Guzman Blanco, Who Took the Oath as President of Venezuela on March 1, 1886.

That Venezuela is one of the most progressive and prosperous of the smaller nationalities of the New World is largely owing to the enlightenment and energy of Guzman Blanco, the distinguished statesman who on March 1 took the oath as president. The constitution of Venezuela was designed on the model of that of the United States, with some differences. A president is at the head of the central executive government, as with us, but his term is only two years, and he exercises his functions through six ministers, and a federal council of sixteen members. This body is appointed by the Congress every two years, and its president, elected by itself, is also president of the republic. Members of both branches of Congress are elected for four years.

Guzman Blanco has served his country well and faithfully since the year 1885, in various capacities including those of president and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Great Britain. His profound acquaintance with advanced forms and modes of government is associated with a large and liberal view of the material, mental and moral forces of modern civilization. As opportunity has served he has so utilized his knowledge as to place his country in an advanced position among progressive states. The enterprise of Venezuela presents one of the pleasantest features in the condition of South America to-day.

When Blanco first entered upon public life, Venezuela was only twenty-five years old as an independent state. Before and subsequently its progress was much retarded by intestine dissensions, sometimes culminating in civil war. His elevation to commanding influence in the councils of his country was accompanied by the restoration of internal peace, which has been continued since, and has afforded scope for the gratifying national progress to which reference has been made. This includes provision for public worship and for the education of the masses, the latter made compulsory since 1870, when only ten per cent. of the people could read and write. In 1884 there were only 102 miles of railroad in operation and 270 miles under construction; 1,145 miles of telegraph and forty offices, and 160 post offices. The high roads of the country have been greatly improved during recent years, and large sums of money have been spent on various municipal improvements. Agriculture has made excellent progress, and the mineral resources of the country have been hopefully developed. Coal, iron, copper and gold are found in Venezuela. A report of the British minister at Caracas, states that the Venezuelan gold fields are the richest, though at present not the most productive in the world. The foreign commerce of the country approaches forty million dollars a year, and the total tonnage of ships owned by it about twenty-five thousand. Venezuela has a population of two and a quarter million.

White Hands.

White hands are coming in fashion again; lawn tennis boating and all the masculine accomplishments having for a time induced women unnecessarily to redden their hands. Chapped and red hands are never pretty. The daughters of fashion now have dishes of hot water shaped like a flower leaf, on their toilette tables, in which they steep their hands for a while before going to bed, then anoint them with vaseline and put on gloves lined with a preparation of cold cream. The gloves should be of wash leather and several sizes too large for the hand. In the morning wash the hands with almond powder in water, and in hot water at that, afterward dipping them for a moment in cold water to prevent chapping. Then rub them from the finger tips back to the wrist. If a manicure is not brought in for the nails an ivory instrument should be used for the pushing back of the skin from the root of the nail and each nail carefully trimmed with a sharp knife, then rubbed with a soft pad of chamois skin.

One Garment That Changes Not.

There is one garment which is sacred from the craze for change that attacks tailors and those who make men's fashions, and that is the dress coat. The body coat, the sack coat, the cutaway and the blouse all change with the seasons, but the dress coat changes so little that no one is able to detect the difference between the old and the new, except by the signs of wear.

Neola.

On dank, green mosses, cool and shadowed deep,
Half hid in waves of lilies tall and red,
Neola lies, her soft eyes drowsed by sleep
One bare, white, rounded arm beneath her head.

A ravished bar of golden sunshine sleeps
Athwart the yellow glory of her hair,
And all his soft entangled bed he steeps
In dyes of deeper color—rich and rare.

The tips of lashes kiss each warm, flushed cheek,
The bosom, full and white moves soft and slow,
The wet red lips are parted as to speak—
While drowsy smiles enchanted come and go.

In full abandoment of limbs she lies—
Through draperies soft each curve voluptuous lures—
Hushed passion smiles from wooing half-shut eyes—
Enticement all the face and form immures.

One loose hand holds a scarlet poppy bud,
Fit emblem of Neola's fatal power,
To lull the stir and actions of men's blood,
And lay them swooning at her feet one hour.

Intoxicated by her close embrace,
Forgetful of the world, of duty, care;
Till smiling cold she turns away her face,
And they awake to madness and despair.

THE WIDOW'S SECRET.

"I don't think that you treat him right," said the rosy little widow to the dressmaker who was fitting her trim figure to a silk gown of the color of "moon upon the lake," and at the same time holding her head back and a trifle to one side, lest her tears should drop thereon. "I don't think women know how to treat their husbands."

"You must be expert in the matter," responded Mrs. Fittem, "seeing this is the fourth time you have tried 'em. Hollow in your back a trifle, as is natural to you—there—sets like a duck's foot in the mud—can't be bettered," she exclaimed professionally.

"Men are good creatures when women know how to manage them. They do seem to incline more to some women than to others."

"You never had a drinking husband, ma'am, I suppose?"

"Bless you! no, never! I could not abide the breath. A woman ought to be on her guard."

"It seems so strange. Widowhood seems natural to some women—they thrive and grow pretty upon it."

The widow laughed, saying:

"I never gave it a thought, but it may be so."

"Going to be married the fourth time. Not a chick nor child! not forty yet and as plump and pretty as ever! Upon my word, ma'am, I don't see how you manage."

"Oh, that's a secret."

"Mrs. Fittem opened her eyes wide, and slowly repeated:

"A secret!"

"Yes, indeed! I have found it works admirably with three husbands, and no doubt it will work just as well with the fourth."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed the dressmaker, dropping the cord she was covering to put the flounce on with, and an ill-disguised horror on her face.

"Oh, I didn't kill my three husbands. They were dotingly fond of me to the last, and left me well provided for."

"Do tell me your secret, ma'am," and the expectant, not to say painful hope, brightened her wan face.

"It isn't much, Mrs. Fittem, and yet it is a secret, and its application has been, as it were, disastrous in my case. I am sure I never expected it."

"Dear me! you seem to own up to something. Did they die suddenly, poor critters?"

"Quite the contrary; they lived along as if loth to go."

"Poor critters! I should have thought you would have felt bad."

"I did, indeed!" and the pretty woman preparing to wed her fourth husband wept at the memory of the three.

"Do tell me all about it," persisted the other, with a look not sympathetic. "Your tears don't seem to dim your handsome eyes."

"I don't know about that—I never thought about that—but, Mrs. Fittem, first and last, I have cried a great deal."

'Perhaps you had a reason unknown to the world, ma'am. But I want dreadfully to know how you managed it."

Our widow was a sort of a Widow Wadley, easily beguiled to tears or smiles, and she began to perceive that the astute dressmaker had some latent design in thus questioning her, which she did not object to gratify. Accordingly she assumed the narrative form, while the needle of her auditor clicked against the thimble in concert.

"My first husband, you must know, was well-to-do, but not rich. He went to church every Sunday, and dropped 25 cents each time into the contribution box—never more or less. I knit him stockings and made him shirts; he liked to see women industrious and I was industrious. We went to lectures and now and then to a social party—always at home and to bed at 10 o'clock. He was agreeable in temper and apt to fall asleep. Slow and automatic in movement. He had a way of looking into kettles and jars as if he expected to find them out of order; and he did so find them sometimes—it was a comfort to him. He read all my letters, he liked it. He poked over my bureau drawers, and saw all my gloves and laces in such a mess—and in the mildest way reprimand me. This was a comfort to him also. He had not a fault, he had not a vice; he had not an inordinate desire. I wished he had."

"You wicked woman!" ejaculated the dressmaker. "You didn't know when you were well off."

"I know it—I know it—I didn't somehow grow good with such a man as I ought to have done, but when he was gone I saw it all, and almost cried my eyes out. You see a man is a good thing to have around the house, to lock the doors and look after things. When a woman is once used to having one around she is sure to feel lonesome and out of sorts when he is gone. I learned to think a dull husband by no means undesirable as a husband. Now the second husband. I wore my widow's weeds the conventional period, though several of the most agreeable men were attentive to me, but I shut my eyes. I managed to keep them from proposing, for I rather liked my freedom, and somehow three excellent men, who had known my excellent husband, were not to my mind. I am afraid I hated good men."

The dressmaker groaned.

"How could you? I am sure such a husband must be beautiful."

"That is true, Mrs. Fittem, and he thought me beautiful. But you must understand he was a model man, and he did his best to make me a model woman, but it was not in me. We women are naturally perverse, and apt to to think our way as good as a man's way."

"So it is, only a good deal better," muttered the other.

"I don't know about that. I am apt to think a man is wiser about many things than we are; but, any way, married people will quarrel as a rule, because each is bent upon his own way. Now I never disputed a husband—never, never opposed him. But, as I was going to say, one of my admirers was of a different kind. He was bright, dashing, high-spirited and witty. He quite took me by storm of contrast. He was not a model man by any means but he was intelligent, loved boats, and had a fine taste for music. He had a mean opinion of women in general and was sometimes furious at himself for loving me. He declared he would be master in spite of me, which was quite unnecessary for I rather liked to have a master as saving trouble and responsibility. I hate disputes and fusses of any kind, and let matters slide in the easiest manner possible."

"I should think you might be a little lazy," returned her auditor.

"Is that the name for it? Well, perhaps I am. He would get into a fury about his buttons, and because a door creaked or the coffee was poor, and storm about the house, and slam doors and kick over chairs, at which I only said: "Softly, softly, dear," which only made him worse."

"I believe you," said the dressmaker.

"He even called me a devil once, in a sort of tender fit, and quoted Shakespeare; 'Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee!'"

"He said I would sit perfectly calm on a husband's coffin while he smothered beneath, for what is a woman to do but be quiet when a big, strong man is raging about nothing. In one of these spells he broke a blood vessel on the brain, and an autopsy showed a disease of the head which was pitiful to think about."

"I wonder he hadn't killed you," was the response of Mrs. Fittem.

"My third husband was all sentiment and called me pet names that would have delighted Fannie Osgood, the poet. I took them all patiently."

"Patiently!" cried her hearer. "It must have been delightful."

"Yes. When he called me pet, I had an excuse for being girlish; if birdie, I might trill my notes, queeny might be cold and proud, so he had it all his own way. But your sentimental man wants a good deal of sentiment in return; must be indulged and coddled, and sees everything in a sweet Arcadian ights wants his wife to dress in out-of-the-way styles."

"It seems to me that your second husband understood you better than the others," remarked the dressmaker.

"How so? no matter; but you must see that I am right in thinking that you do not know how to manage your husband, Mrs. Fittem."

You have not yet told me your secret."

"Do you not guess it?"

"It seems to me that you let them have their own way."

"To be sure I did. It is fatal to man or to woman always to have their own way. A little contention is the passport of love. Nothing is more faalt than indifference!"

"And you married three men and indifferent to all!"

The widow reddened.

"Perhaps I am naturally of that kind, while you, Miss Fittem, oppose, fret and scold and are not happy yourself, nor do you make him any the better man. Men are not easily turned about."

"What would you do in a case like mine, where a man drinks?"

"I would manage just the same."

"But how, ma'am, how?"

"Well, well, muttered the widow half to herself, "I can't find opinions and make annotations on them."

"Do tell your secret, now, I can not for my life guess what it is."

"Dear Mrs. Fittem, you are an admirable dressmaker; my silk, to use your own illustration, sits like a duck's foot in the mud; but you don't know how to manage a husband. You must come the morning I am to be married and see that I am all right. Mr. Blank is fastidious. My hat is a perfect love of a hat, and makes me look charming, but let me advise you," laying at the same time a nicely gauntleted hand on Mrs. Fittem's shoulder, "let your husband have his own way," and she whirled her limber little shape out of the door, with a musical little laugh that did not crinkle her cheeks nor pucker her eyes.

Mrs. Fittem gave the moon-upon-the-lake dress a somewhat vigorous kick, and exclaimed:

"She's a devil, that's what she is, and that is the way she has made herself three times a widow."

"So are all women," hiccoughed a maudlin voice, just coming in over the rear threshold. "Who are you contemplating, lovey! Who is it?"

The dressmaker eyed him a moment scornfully, but the calling her "lovey" did the business for him; with mingled tears and smiles she patted his dusty shoulder, and replied:

"Dear, dear duckey, the nice little widow has been telling me how—how I might be a widow."

"She has? She understands the business, I should think." The idea had the effect to sober him. "Wh t did she want you to do, lovey?"

"Well—it was dreadful!"

"Well, well, what was it? I'll have a warrant out and arrest her."

"I never will do it, duckey, never."

"I am sure of it, I can trust you. You are not fit to be a poor lone widow. You need the protecting arm of some husband."

Mrs. Fittem drew herself up a bit at this: there was a rebellion in her look.

"Yes, she told me her secret," she said.

"What was it lovely? I am sure you would not hurt a hair of the head of your poor devoted—"

Here he broke down from some cause or other, and staggered to one side.

"I told her about your drinking so, James, and how you spent my earnings, and how I get out of all patience and sometimes well nigh hate you." This was said with grave solemnity, and then she said briskly: What do you think she told me to do?"

"Couldn't guess; but I'm very sure you won't do it."

"Never — you would not live a month."

"Do tell—do tell what it was."

"She told me to let you have your own way—think of that!"

The man's eyes twinkled with wicked mirth.

"That wasn't so bad, lovey."

"Not so bad! why you would drink yourself to death in a month or less, if I let you have your own way."

"Oh, no; I would be cautious for your dear sake, so unfit to be a widow. Let me have my own way, lovey; I'll take the risk."

And she did — she followed the widow's advice. Under the circumstances, the reader can easily divine why Mrs. Fittem became a widow.

LOTS OF FUN IN THEM.

Novelties in Trick Articles That Delight the Practical Joker.

"New tricks for the boys?" repeated a dealer in sleight-of-hand articles in reply to a reporter's inquiry. "I should say so. There's no end to them. There is a beautiful buttonhole bouquet, for instance. After placing it in your coat buttonhole you call the attention of a friend to its beauty and fragrance. Of course he will step forward and smell of it, when to his astonishment a fine stream of water will be thrown in his face. Where the water comes from is a mystery, as you can have your hands at your side or behind you, and not touch the bouquet in any manner. Then there is a little monkey that is better than a surprise party for making fun and getting up an excitement. After it has been sitting quietly on a stand or table, and being admired by your unsuspecting friends, it will suddenly, and without warning, take a wild leap in the air, and land under the table, or in somebody's lap, creating a regular panic all around. Then there is a cigar case made in imitation of real leather. Ask your friend to have a cigar at the same time handing him the case. As he attempts to open it an ugly-looking gorilla, six inches in height, suddenly pops up instead of the expected cigar. Another trick novelty in the cigar line consists of a light, strong metal shell, the size and shape and color of a cigar. It has a spiral spring concealed within, that may be released at the will of the operator by slightly pressing a trigger that is attached to the small end. One end of the spring is permanently fastened in the shell, and the other end, which is projected when released, has a cork attached to retain it with the shell. When the spring is released it will fly out from twelve to fifteen inches with a whirring, rattling noise, so quickly that while the person towards whom it is pointed can see something coming and hear it, he cannot tell just what has happened until after he has seen it and made a lively effort to dodge it.

A magic nail is another interesting little trick article. A common nail is shown and without a moment's hesitation, the performer forces it through his finger. The finger can be shown with the nail protruding from both sides. The illusion is so perfect that the spectators will be satisfied that the wound is a genuine one. The next instant the nail can be withdrawn for examination and the finger shown without a cut, scar or wound. In another trick you exhibit a neat and pretty windmill, which you blow with the greatest ease, remarking that the mill is enchanted and will only work at your command. Then hand it to any one with the request to try it. The moment he tries it he receives a startling salute, and finds lip, chin, nose and cheeks decorated with black or white; as the case may be. This has often been used with excellent effect by storekeepers who wish to get rid of loungers. It is placed on the counter or showcase, and most naturally some idle curiosity-seeker will pick it up and blow on it with a result that will cause him to retreat. A good trick is done with a card which you can change into a full blown rose by simply transferring it from one hand to the other."

"What is new in cards?"

"The wizard's pack. This is a full pack, apparently the same as an ordinary pack, but with which wonderful and apparently impossible tricks can be performed. These are not done by legerdemain or sleight-of-hand. The secret is in the cards. Among these card tricks are the following: A card may be drawn, shuffled in the pack, and cut the first time; a card may be blown from the pack after having been drawn, returned and shuffled; the two colors of a pack divided by one cut; the card discovered under a handkerchief; six persons may draw a card each, shuffle them and immediately after the performer at once produces them, pulling them rapidly out of the pack, one after the other; the performer may leave the room, and in his absence a card is drawn, which he on his return at once picks out of the pack."

How the Bride's Veil Came To Be.

It was once the custom for the bride at her wedding to wear her hair unbraided and hanging over her shoulders. At the celebration of her marriage with the Palatine, Elizabeth Stuart wore "her hair disheveled and hanging down her shoulders." It has been suggested that the bride's veil, which of late years has become one of the most conspicuous features of her costume, may be nothing more than a milliner's substitute, which, in old times, concealed not a few of the bride's personal attractions, and covered her face when she kneltat the altar.

TRAGEDY OF A RED CAP.

The German Drummer Goes to Sleep and gets his Forehead Stained.

Three or four drummers were sitting in the smoking saloon of a sleeping car. The hour was late and the air sultry, and one by one the drowsy drummers dropped off to bed. Finally but one was left—a fat, perspiring, sleeping and snoring Teuton, who wore a traveling cap on his head and rested his adult feet on the Pullman upholstering. For half an hour there was no interruption to his slumbers, but all of a sudden the train stopped as quick as the full force of the steam breaks could stop it, and many of the passengers were awakened by the jar. No one was hurt, however, and beyond a sort of dull thud in the smoking saloon and a few extra wheezes from the dry throats of the half-smothered occupants of the unventilated upper berths, no sound at first broke the midnight stillness. But finally the dull thud in the smoking saloon was followed by an unearthly cry from the same source.

"Hulfe! help! help!"

Commotion followed as a matter of course, and there was a rush to the smoking saloon. The porter was the first man there, and he found the Teutonic and lately snoring passenger dancing a jig on the floor, wiping something which looked like blood from his forehead and bellowing at the top of his voice.

"Gott in himmel, I'm kilt. See de plud—see de plud! Got un doctor quick."

Kind hands laid the injured man upon a seat, and awe-stricken faces gathered round the sufferer, as a man who said he was a doctor bent down to make an examination of the supposed wound.

"There is no fracture of the skull," said the doctor finally, and with a grave face; "the brain, may be a trifle disturbed but there is no danger of serious results. There is no wound in the head, and the only injury is that to the nervous system. In future the patient must avoid wearing traveling caps lined with red material when he sleeps and perspires freely, or these symptoms may return."

There was a moment's silence during which the sufferer's eyes met those of the doctor, and then he seized the offending cap, threw it on the floor, stepped on it revengefully, and exclaimed:

"Nefer once more I vare a ret cap to safe mine soul from der pad blace!"

Let's Drink.

Down in a town in Alabama I found a native with his chair tipped back under an awning in front of a saloon, hat down on his ears, eyes half closed, and his toes showing through his boots. Out at the hitching post was a faded old mule, head down and eyes closed, and the mud of last Fall had not been cleaned off his skeleton frame. I was looking from man to mule, trying to see if I could establish a chain of evidence, when the native straightened up and said:

"Stranger, ye ain't goin' to settle in this kentry?"

"No."

"Powerful glad to hear it. Let's drink."

I declined, and he took fifteen cents' worth and came back and said:

"Stranger this is a powerful bad kentry—powerful bad."

"What's the matter?"

"No chance fur a poor man—not a shake of a chance. Let's drink."

I declined, and he took his usual dose with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Look at me!" he said, as he returned to his chair. "I'm a livin' evidence of the fact that this is the wust kentry on earth fur a white man who honestly desires to break his back in agrycultural pursuits. I've been goin' down hill as stiddy as clock work fur the last twenty y'ar. Stranger, wet your whistle."

I replied that my whistle required a dry atmosphere and he went and took it straight again.

"Yes, sir," he said, as he got his chin dried off, "the durned Southern nabob grinds me on one side and the infernal dutch on the other, and I'm bound to be pulverized.

"Do you farm?"

"What's the use? Nothin' that I planted ever growed. It's allus too much or too little rain."

"Then you speculate?"

"Mebbe I do. Mebbe if I trade a mule wuth a hundred dollars for one wuth sixty you can call it speculation. Say, let's licker."

I declined, and he never shed a tear as his corn juice went down.

"I tell you, a poor man hain't got no rights 'round yere, and he's bein' ground into the dust," he observed as he enlarged the hole in the top of his hat so that a tuft of hair could stick up through it.

"It seems to be a fine country."

"That's a deception."

"But you have a nice climate and can raise most everything."

"Then, what ails me? Why hain't I a Southern nabob? Why don't I ride a hoss, an' wear good clothes an' hold an offis?"

"Because," I answered, determined to lie to him, "your wife is probably a very careless manager, while you have never carefully studied the foundation principles of economy."

"Stranger!" said he, as he rose up and shook hands at once, "you've hit it plumb centre, and you are the only man who ever has! All the rest of 'em say it's 'cause I kin do more loafin' and drinkin' than any man in the State of Alabama. Stranger, write them words down fur me. I'll get the hang of them in about an hour, an' then I'll go home an' gin my fam'ly to understand that they've got to buckle right down to economy or hunt for other diggins. Let's destroy about three fingers of the juice."

—Beaded materials and an abundance of jet trimmings and ornaments combined with lace are those chiefly employed for summer mantles. Jet ornaments and bead trimmings are more beautiful than ever, and, considering how durable they are when really good, are not expensive in the end, although costly to begin with.

FASHION NOTES.

—Round ball buttons are in better favor than flat ones.

—Stripes of various shades are in favor at the present time.

—Chenille fringes in novel effects are being shown, with good results.

—Neck-wear—the variety is immense—the beautiful things shown bewilder one.

—Bead and jet trimmings in an inexhaustible variety of styles are offered by our importers.

—Gloves with broad embroidered back, self or contrast in color are worn for driving and travel.

—The etamine biases come in all colors, but the cream is preferred, with very narrow ribbon run diagonally through the meshes.

—Very petty fichus of muslin gauze or crape are now being prepared for summer toilets to wear by way of mantle with elegant toilets.

—Sometimes the handkerchief i edged with embroidered daisies (tiny affairs) in colors—red, pink, blue, yellow, cream or black.

—Point d'esprit net and lace come again to the front fashionably, being used for evening dresses over yellow or red and plentifully trimmed with yellow or red ribbon and flowers.

—The newest of new kerchiefs is very fine linen lawn, with a quarter-inch hem. The wide hems and immense initials have had their day. Everything is daintiness itself, the lace edging many of the hems is the merest edge.

—White dressed and undressed kids are worn for evening; some few wear a delicate shade of yellow, while others cling to black; the latter, it is said, is vanity, for no glove gives one's hand so small and delicate a look as black.

—Ribbon-bound edges of lisse, finely crimped, find many admirers; then there is lisse and crepe in every fashionable color made in fancy designs, in biases with loops of mere shreds of velvet between, and with every shade of tinsel.

—Chantilly, Spanish, Mechlin, val, Brussels and ecru ginghams (all imitations, but most clever in their spuriousness) are the craze, everybody buys and wears them, and often the finer qualities require an expert to decide upon their claims.

—Silk and linen gloves are both economical and pleasant to wear; silk! well, if they would only last one afternoon without a finger's end peeping through we would so love to write in their praise, they are all so cool, so much a part of summer.

—Chemisette plastrons is the new name for the old time "dickey" when it was worn by the sterner sex. This is a tucked linen front, shaped like a shirt bosom, has a high standing collar, and folded lawn tie around the neck, finishing in tiny bows and ends in front. Plain duck is also used for these chemisettes, while fancy linen, duck and pique form vests in tailor-made suits.

—Another pretty summer costume for a young lady is of gray muslin delaine, sprigged with small bunches of rosebuds and forget-me-nots. It has also pleated and crossed fronts, showing at the top a little bit of finely pleated chemisette. The back is plain, the sleeves tight, with a narrow drapery over the shoulders. The skirt, plain in front, pleated at the sides and back, and is slightly bulged out at the top, so as to form a limp puff. Moire sash round the waist, tied in long loops and ends a little at the side. This, with a yellow straw hat, turned up with black velvet, and trimmed with May roses and forget-me-nots, forms a charming toilet for a summer fete or flower-show.

—A very unique and elegant costume is of tabac-colored woolen canvas. The skirt, loose and ample, is looped up at the side, and slightly draped up behind, over an underskirt of grosgrain silk, striped red and dark green, with fine streaks of gold-yellow between. The bodice is made blouse fashion, of the same canvas tissue as the skirt; it comes down lower than the waist, and is fastened with a bayadere sash of silk galloon to match the underskirt. This bodice is open in a round shape over a chemisette of the striped silk. A very narrow frill of this same silk is put on just inside the edge of the sleeves.

—Dresses of light fancy woolens are frequently made with pleated bodices, the fronts of which are crossed like a fichu. For instance, a very elegant toilet is of peacock-green surah and pale-buff open-work velling. There is an underdress of the surah made perfectly plain, with high bodice, tight sleeves and round skirt gathered at the waist. The overdress is composed of a bodice without sleeves and a tunic skirt. The bodice has pleated fronts, crossed at the waist, and showing the darker surah bodice in the opening; the back is plain, but also open in a point down the middle, and finished in a short, square-pleated basque. The tunic is pleated at the back, slit open on the right side, and loosely draped and hooked up over the left.

—There is much talk going on about plain skirts and flat backs without puff or drapery, but the fact remains that the great majority of new summer dresses are draped, and that the tournure, if somewhat less exaggerated than before, is still an indispensable adjunct to the modern toilet. It is certain the draperies of dresses are less elaborate than they were this time last year. Skirts are composed of widths falling loose over the tournure; sometimes these widths are of different materials—widths of plain fabric are combined with widths of figured tissue, employed for the tablier or half-tunic, slightly looped up in front and at the side, or, for the tunic, very much draped over the hips by strings of ribbon; woolen lace, and all lace-like open-work woolen tissues, compose overskirts which are very little, if at all, draped. These are worn with tunic bodices of faille or other silk. The tunic, which is all in one piece with the bodice, is caught up very high over the left hip and comes down over the tournure.

HORSE NOTES.

—Colonel R. P. Pepper's probable nomination for the $10,000 race at Hartford, will be Judge Lindsay, 2.21¼, by Bostick's Almont, Jr.

—Cooper Hatch's pair of sorrels, Cinderella and Clara (full sisters), dropped a pair of colts by Indiaman, at Camden, N. J., on May 17.

—C. Harris, of New York, has a running team in Major Banks and Evergreen. He drove them a half in 53½ seconds recently, and repeated in 53 seconds.

—D. Swigert, Elmendorf stud, Muirs, Ky., lost on May 17 the bay filly foaled March 29, 1886, by imp. Glenelg, dam Stamps, being a full sister to Louisette.

—Biggonette is the first filly to win the Withers stakes since it was founded in 1874. Only three fillies have won England's Derby during 107 years.

—J. B. Thomas and Tony Newell, James A. Bailey's fast double team, have elegantly fitted up quarters at the New York Gentlemen's Driving Course. Since Maxey Cobb's death Mr. Bailey's pair are looked upon as about the best in the country.

—The Rockaway Steeplechase Meeting was a financial failure because of the very stormy weather.

—Dexter B. Goff says he has sold to W. Whitehead the ch. g. Spider, by Iron Duke, dam by Jupiter, for $10,000.

—It is believed that there will be not less than twenty-five starters in the Suburban. Ban Fox at present rules as the favorite.

—Thomas J. Dunbar has apologized in writing for his offensive language to President Edwards, of the Cleveland Driving Course.

—The expulsion put upon R. H. Conklin at Hartford for not starting Rarus after selling him to Mr. Bonner for $36,000 has been permanently removed.

—A dispatch from Louisville, Ky., says a charter has passed through the last two Legislatures, quietly, by which an association consisting of Emile Bourlier and others, may purchase lands in or near Louisville, lay out a track or not, as they may elect, and on its grounds sell pools on any and all races that may be run or trotted. They may open an office in New York. The incorporators expect to open their pool-rooms and sell on all races.

—Blue Wing, the winner of the Clark Stakes at Louisville, and who ran second to Ben Ali in the Kentucky Derby, is a racing-looking colt, standing about 15.3, and is bred to run fast and stay, being by Billet, out of Mundane, she by Lexington. He was purchased at the Runnymede yearling sale by Barnes & Co. for $1200. He was little better than a mediocre performer last season, winning only twice out of thirteen starts. He has thickened and filled out, however, and is now a really fine-looking colt.

—The Brooklyn Jockey Club, with a capital of $500,000, filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State, at Albany, on May 24. Its location is in the town of Gravesend, Kings county. The objects of the association are the raising, improving and training of horses by producing proper ground and track for exercising, training and exhibiting the same. Its powers are to be exercised by a Board of seven Directors, comprising, for the first year, Philip J. Dwyer, James Hyde, William H. Jordan, Charles Gold, George W. Anderson, H. D. McIntyre and Benjamin Brush.

—We like to say a good word for the hard working trainers. As a class they are industrious and painstaking to a degree little understood by the uninitiated. Particularly is this the case with the men who make their living teaching the trotter the way he should go. The trainer of the running horse has supervisory duties to perform, but the trainer of the trotter has a double duty, for his mind must plan and his hand execute. To be successful in his calling he must be a man of genius. To ascertain just what an animal must have to balance him; to regulate and accelerate his gait requires the exercise of an intelligent mind. No two horses are gaited exactly alike; each one has his little peculiarities, and it is for the trainer to find out how each should be treated. The art of the trainer calls for the highest mental and physical attributes. He should be courageous, patient, strong, active, intelligent, conscientious and skillful. It fact, the characteristics of the successful trainer would make him successful in any other walk in life. Setting aside the mental cares of these men, how few realize the bodily fatigue they have to undergo. We were led to make these remarks from hearing a request made of a noted trotting-horse trainer to give the requester's horse a mile or so. The proposition was politely declined, and, judging from the expression of the amateur's face, the driver was set down as a churlish fellow. A little reflection would have convinced the gentleman of his inconsideration. A trainer with say ten horses under his care has a responsible and laborious charge. In addition to studying the wants and requirements of each, he is further called upon to handle them himself. The quantity of work varies; some horses require a great deal, and others only a moderate amount. To set a low average we will say each horse is driven five miles per day. That would make fifty miles per day for ten horses, or 300 per week of six working days, to say nothing of the miles trotted during races. When a driver has completed his daily task of riding fifty miles in a stiff-running sulky, wite no support to his back, his limbs kept in one position, a considerable draft has been made upon his physical powers, and he naturally feels inclined to rest. No man, under these conditions, can be blamed for declining to further fatigue himself for the gratification of another, with no prospect of pecuniary reward, nor even a curt "thank you" for his trouble. The courtesies of life are due these men, as well as any other class, and no considerate man will ask of one of them what would be an imposition.

AMONG THE APACHES.

STUDIES OF SAVAGE LIFE MADE AMONG CAPTIVE HOSTILES.

Characteristics of the Chiricahuas—Personal Adornment—Domesticity of the Squaws—The Apache Head-Dress and Gewgaws—Game of Na-Joose.

We have been enjoying a considerable Apachefication of the post. For several months a lot of woman and children, captured by Capts. Crawford and Davis, have partaken of the hospitality of a log-cabin adjoining the guard-house, diluted with sufficient freedom. The youngsters romped outside at will, and the squaws adorned the porch of the round-house daily. They were a rather industrious set, and turned many a proper peso by weaving handsome baskets of bear-grass in the Moqui style, making moccasins for the soldiers, and constructing toy models of their unique cradles. They were also given some light work to do around the post, which helped to keep them healthy and happy. When Lieut. Faison arrived with his fifty-eight prisoners from the Sonora surrender the guard-house captives were let out to join them. The whole band went down to a little arroyo, three-fourths of a mile from the post, and camped amid the sand and rocks. Fire-wood and rations were hauled out to them, and they quickly made themselves comfortable. For the first day the improvements comprised only a grubbing of cacti, and the building of semi-circular wind-breaks with bushes, etc. But soon the patient squaws had achieved a village. The tall stalks of the century plant were peaked over the spaces inclosed by wind-breaks, and around these rude tent-poles were stretched blankets or numerous rods of unbleached muslin. These roofs were, on an average, about three and one-half feet from the ground. The general effect of each tent reminded one of such an umbrella as our friend lends us on a rainy day. They were effective, however, in keeping off the wind and sun—which is where they overmatched the umbrella.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE CHIRICAHUAS.

While the squaws trudged about in these pursuits of domesticity the bucks were equally industrious—in gambling. They squatted around blankets spread in the sand, and deftly dealt poonkan (the Mexican monte), slapping down their plays with the peculiar vehemence which you may see as well in a Chicago saloon as in an Apache camp. They gambled for money, for cartridges, for blankets, and for ponies. Their chips were sometimes coffee beans, sometimes cartridges, and often neat slivers of bear grass cleverly bundled. A fair share of the day, however, they rested from gambling to personal abandonment. Down under some wind-warding bush you would stumble upon an athletic warrior carefully painting his face in crimson rings and stripes, or mayhap mollifying his great crop of hair with a fist-sized chunk of mutton tallow—base barbarian, who has not yet learned the delicacy of civilized refinement in rouge and perfumed lard!

The Chiricahuas are a straight, athletic, well-sized tribe, with intelligent features, supple bodies, and noticably small hand, and feet. The females, big and little, wear simple print dresses, which reach their ankles. The Mother Hubbard style of architecture seems not unpopular among the old women, though eschewed by the young. The rest of the wardrobe comprises high-shanked buckskin moccasins, a bright headkerchief, and bracelets of silver, brass, tin-can, and beads, with similarly constituted necklaces and ear-rings. The bucks, when in full dress, wear a print shirt, linen drawers, moccasins, and a voluminous Gstring. The latter in a sine qua non. The drawers may be omitted at wish, but without the Gstring no one can have the entree of the Apache best circles.

The Apache's realm is essentially a kingdom of cactus, and he cuts his moccasins according to his thorns. Instead of ending at the ankle his foot-gear climbs to within three inches of the knee-pan, whence its surplus is turned out and down so as to form a double armor for the shin-bone. The most curious adaptation, however, is at the toe. Instead of the flat point in vogue with northern and eastern tribes, the prow turns up a couple of inches, and ends in a little rawhide disk of the diameter of a two-bit piece. It is a wonderful protection from the assassinative stabs of countless desert daggers. The humble moccasin is of the soft buckskin gray; but that of the more aspiring is dyed an attractive yellow by rubbing it with a dry paint.

APACHE HEAD-DRESS AND ORNAMENTS.

For a head dress the Apache rolls a big bandana to a three-inch band, and binds it around his bulging cranium from stem to stern. In prosperity he decks this band with big disks of silver. Around his waist he wears one, two or three webbing belts, full of Uncle Sam's copper cartridges of 45-70 denomination. Dependent from the sides are his buckskin tobacco pouch, an encased awl for moccasin mending, and a Sheffield butcher-knife in a sheath which swallows all but the very tip of the handle. He further sports earrings—old Nanay had two heavy watchchains fastened to his—from two to a dozen necklaces of big beads, a small circular mirror, and rings and bracelets till you can't rest. One young buck, of whom I took the census, had thirteen rings on his left hand, eleven on his right, and a dozen bracelets (beads, brass, and silver) on either wrist. He was the king duds of the whole outfit, and very little force in war.

Besides their pasteboard beguilers, the Apaches have an almost equally popular recreation—the game of na-joose. It doesn't look to have any more sense in it than shaving the soles of your feet, but the bucks will play it all day without a break. They have two tiny piles of straw about thirty-five feet apart, each having a little U-shaped depression on either side. The implements consist of two poles fifteen feet long and looking like a cane fish pole, but really made of three straight willow sticks most artistically spliced; and a hoop six or seven inches across, its diameter traversed by a stout cord. The two players stand side by side about twenty feet from the straw piles toward which they are facing. They drop their poles till the taper ends rest upon the ground, the butts being held six or eight inches higher. One of them takes the hoop, holds it down between the two poles, and deftly trundles it forward. As it nears the straw piles, both players pitch their poles forward and if it chances that the hoop falls across the poles near the butts, you will hear an approbative shout. Upon closer inspection, the poles prove to have notches along near the butt, while the hoop is also notched, and its cross string has tiny thongs drawn at intervals through its stranda. The point of the game lies in which notch falls upon which.—Arizona Cor. Inter Ocean.

Wouldn't Even Be Dead with Him.

Slimkins and his young wife had just completed their first quarrel.

"I wish I was dead," she sobbed.

"I wish I was, too," he blubbered.

"Then I don't wish I was," she replied, and the war continued.—Washington Critic.

A mass of lead in an elevated furnace in Paris was completely dissipated by a stroke of lightning, no trace of the metal being found afterward.—Boston Budget.

A SHIP IN A CYCLONE.

The Story of the Merry Grambus and Her Crew—A Sailor's Lucky Escape.

"Wal, sir, I hope I may be keel-hauled if we didn't lie right in that spot until 4 o'clock in the afternoon afore the storm came. Then it came down on us as if it had been shot out of a gun. The sky turned so black in five minutes that it shone. Then, with a big howl, the wind came down on us. There was a report like a cannon, and our big maintops'l was blown right out o' the bolt ropes. The old hooker heeled over till her lee rail war in the water, an' then she jumped forward like mad. But before she had made a cable's length she came to a dead stop and stood right straight up. And now comes the strange part of my story. The jib and spanker were trimmed in flat. But would you believe it, sir, the jib filled out to starboard and the spanker to port, and the durned old hooker began to go round.

"'Down with your helm!' yelled the old man.

"Lord bless you, sir, we didn't know which was down, fur the wind war on our port beam forrard and on our starboard beam aft, and wot were down fur the jib war up fur the spanker. We put it fust one way and then the other, but it didn't make no difference. The Merry Grampus jist kept right on a-goin' around. Faster and faster she went, till everything war in a whirl. Soon we all began fur to get dizzy, and in half an hour every man jack on board war as sick as a girl on her fust yatchin' trip. Still the old girl went waltzin' around.

"'Great Scott!' yelled the old man; 'we're right in the middle o' a cyclone, and we're rewolvin' with it. We'll never git out o, this till the durned thing's blowed itself out.'

"Round and round we went, and by and by the men began fur to lose their senses. In twenty-four hours we war all ravin' lunatics, 'ceptin' me. I started in to turnin' around the other way as fast as I could, and fur twenty-four hours I kept my senses. Then I got exhausted and fell down senseless on the deck. When I came to I war jist as loony as any on 'em. But in my excitement I staggered up ag'in' the mainmast and soon began to git my senses ag'in'; 'cause, sir, don't you see, that part o' the ship war in the middle and war goin' around so slow it didn't have no effect on me. Soon as I found that out I got the other men to come there, and in course of the next few hours we war all sensible ag'in'. But the cyclone kept right on. Fur ten days and nights that old hooker kept goin' round like a fly wheel on an engine. Then she began fur to slow up. The clouds began to break away and soon the sun shone. The cyclone had blowed itself out."—New York Times.

The Mental Phases of Dyspepsia.

The mental and emotional characteristics of dyspeptics are very interesting. There is a languor that forbids exertion of the mind by hindering the concentration of the attention upon any subject. About an hour after a meal drowsiness comes on that lasts several hours. Sleeping at these times does no good, for headache or dizziness is very certain to follow a nap. Most such sufferers are prone to mental depression which may mark the beginning of real mental derangement.

The heart, being supplied partially by the same nerves as the stomach, is apt to act irregularly. It throbs tumultuously, or becomes unusually slow in its beats, or the pulse may intermit, losing a beat every few seconds or minute. These symptoms are often taken as indications of organic disease which does not exist. Constipation is often present, or there is a troublesome diarrhea, especially after an acute attack of indigestion. The skin is usually dry and harsh, and cold hands or feet are not uncommon among the complaints of the dyspeptic, especially if he has formed the habit of watching all his symptoms with exactness as many of them do. The tongue is "furred" or covered with more or less thick coating. Sleep is interfered with. There is much difficulty in falling asleep, in the first place, and then there are apt to be dreams of an unpleasant character.—Cor. Globe-Democrat.

His House Because the Key Fits.

"In the years after the fire hundreds of cottages were built, all as near alike as peas in the same pod, and as numbers were not put on at first, new occupants were in danger of making a good many mistakes as to the houses occupied, and in scores of cases a man coming home at night has said to himself, 'This is my house because the key fits. Here's a little box of a hall, a little stumpy stairway going down, parlor to the right, bed-room in front; that's right; this is my house, and here I am,' and ten to one he was in somebody else's house, because in those days a man who took his toddy could no more easily find his own house in a cottage row than he could select his wife's bandbox from a roomful."—Inter Ocean.

"Curbstone Crayons."

One of Longfellow's Short Poems.

One of Longfellow's sweetest short poems grew out of the gift of a pen by a schoolgirl, whom the poet addresses as "Beautiful Helen of Maine." The pen was made of a piece of the chain which bound the prisoner of Chillon and a fragment of the frigate Constitution, while precious stones from Ceylon, Sitteria and Maine were inset. The "beautiful Helen" is the daughter of D. A. C. Hamlin, now prominent in the list of candidates for the Maine governorship. On her mother's side the young lady is a granddaughter of the late Judge Cutting, of the Maine supreme court.—Chicago Journal.

The Winter's Severity in England.

The usual severity of the past winter gave Englishmen an opportunity of indulging in many sports common to colder countries, but rarely enjoyed there. Skating has been general, and during the week that followed the New Year many toboggans and sleighs were seen in and about the vicinity of London; but all these amusements were eclipsed by a man who built an ice-yacht and was able to sail it for two weeks in January on the frozen surface of the Reading reservoir, to the delight of the whole neighborhood.—Chicago Times.

Jay Gould's Talent for Photography.

Jay Gould has developed a taste and talent for photography. On his recent yachting trip to Cuba he carried a camera and all the rest of the needful apparatus along, and visitors at his down-town office are treated to an exhibition of pictures whose duplicates are not to be found outside of Mr. Gould's possession. They are all of subjects aptly chosen, and the workmanship shown in the print is worthy of a man equipped to earn a living at the business.—Chicago Journal.

New Use for the Mustache.

A Sacramento (Cal.) man was saved from drowning by his mustache. When he arose for the last time a friend grabbed the mustache and pulled him ashore.—Inter Ocean.

A New Name for Natural Gas.

James Lorraman, the artist, suggests that the name for natural gas should be [illegible], born of the earth.—Philadelphia [illegible].

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Family Bibles.

Two Bibles in one volume hereafter for the price of one. Just issued, our new and magnificent parallel contrasted columns, old and new revised versions Family Bible. The most gorgeous and superbly illustrated and illuminated edition ever published on the globe. Low prices; genuine, durable binding. Liberal terms to AGENTS WANTED. Write and state clearly intentions and wishes. Great new departure for Bible agents who have exhausted their fields on old style editions. Act quickly and get ahead of all others this year. 14apr6m SCAMMEL & COMPANY, Box 7001 Philadelphia.

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NEW FURNITURE STORE.

Now open with the most complete stock of Furniture and Bedding in the county.

The stock is all new and personally selected from the leading Eastern and Western furniture centers.

Prices are the Very Lowest --- *You can not afford to buy elsewhere.*

All goods guaranteed as represented.

Special attention given to packing and shipping by rail road.

Correspondence in regard to goods promptly answered.

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—Next Door to—
—POSTOFFICE,—
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ON ALL KINDS OF

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WOOD— AND —WILLOW

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WE GUARANTEE OUR PRICES ON
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TO BE LOWER AND BETTER
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CANNOT BE EXCELLED.
GIVE US A TRIAL
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WE SELL GOODS FOR PRODUCE THE SAME AS CASH.

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HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,

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EXPRESS ANY TIME UP TO TRAIN TIME. COME TO SEE US.

We have the largest stock at the lowest prices of any store in our line of business in Centre county. Now that you have a Railroad through the valley and Telephone Connection direct to our store, it will more than pay you to order from us. We guarantee prompt shipments and the lowest prices for the best goods. When you can save money you will certainly take advantage of this opportunity. H. K. Hicks & Bro.

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Remember the only agency for the SOUTH BEND CHILLED PLOWS.

Glass, Iron,

STOVES, STOVES, STOVES
STOVES, STOVES, STOVES.

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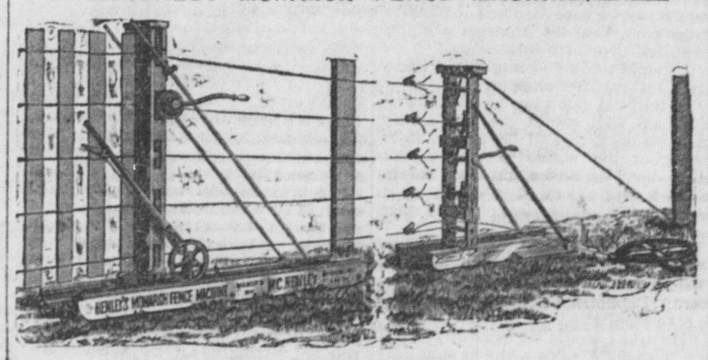
HENLEY MONARCH FENCE MACHINE.



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HENLY * MONARCH * FENCE * MACHINE
IS THE BEST AND HAS NO EQUAL.

1 Because the wire is stretched the full length of the field before the weaving is commenced.
2 Because any sized wire can be used, and either 2, 3, 4, or 5 double strands can be used, weaving all with equal facility.
3 Because any size, length, or style of picket, or slat, or board, can be used, weaving fancy iron pickets equally well and solid.
4 Because it will make a fence over rough and uneven ground, or up and down hill alike, making as good a fence as on even, level ground; and the machine being adjustable, the pickets are all woven plumb.
5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.
6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.
10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
12 Because all kinds of old material can be used for making new fence.
13 Because it makes the handsomest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first class, practical fence machine in the world.

For prices of machines, fence material, or territory, address,
SHIRES & KENNEDY,
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Please call and examine my material and learn my prices before purchasing elsewhere.
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The undersigned has engaged in the manufacture of —ALL— —GRADES OF SHINGLES,— at the mill at M'Cool's crossing, near Spring Mills. Also has opened a ware room at Spring Mills for the sale of all kinds of

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WM. F. KRUMRINE,
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Active, honest persons all over the country, with or without team.

John R. Dodge, Jr., jeweler, Normal, Ill., writes: "You ask what I think of the Washer I bought last summer. Ans. It is the best machine ever invented by man. Q2. We have just as good dinners on Monday as on any other day. Q3. If you run short, you can not buy corn for $100." Mrs. Hauck, of St. Joseph, Ill., writes: "I would not take $50 for mine. My washing was on the line at 9 o'clock this morning."
Mr. O. Jones, Ft. Ipsco, Mich., writes: "Formerly it took the washerwoman from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. to do my work. Now I do it from 7 a. m. to 10:30 a. m."
Mrs. J. E. Bonner, of Longview, Tex., writes: "It is a treasure. It makes the wife lady independent of the colored washerwoman."
I will ship a sample to those desiring an agency on a week's trial on liberal terms. To those without capital, who can prove themselves trustworthy, I will furnish machines to fill their orders, no money to be paid since delivery. Write for particulars. J. WORTH, Box 1023 New York City

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Ever since its introduction.

Its sales during the past year have exceeded all previous years, and we look forward to an unprecedented demand this year for this and our other brands of RAW BONE MANURES.

If your dealer has none of our goods on hand, send your orders direct to us.

Send your orders in early and you will not be compelled to wait when the season is fully upon us.

For Baugh's Phosphate Guide and other Circulars and information, address

BAUGH & SONS,
Manufacturers of the Celebrated
BAUGH'S $25 PHOSPHATE
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Centre Hall,

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DRY GOODS,
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NOTIONS,
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BOOTS & SHOES,
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GLASSWARE, QUEENSWARE,
GROCERIES.
COFFEES SUGARS, TEAS, FISH
SALT, TOBACCO, SEGARS,
EVERYTHING
KEPT IN A WELL REGULATED STORE.
ALL NEW GOODS,
We offer bargains unsurpassed in this COUNTY.
COME AND SEE US.
All kinds of Produce taken and Highest Market Prices Paid.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

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The best Cough Cure you can use,
And the best preventive known for Consumption. It cures bodily pains, and all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs and all Female Complaints. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting towards the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TONIC, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Sold by all Druggists in large bottles at $1.00.

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CENTRE HALL, PENN'A,
Offer the finest and largest stock of
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ever brought to Centre Hall,
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Come and examine
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Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores.
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Yes, It is a charming and healthful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers.
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Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror.
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CUTTING —AND— FITTING
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I have a skilled dress-maker, and can guarantee —a good fit.—
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My stamping designs comprise the very latest and most artistic patterns.

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THE GREAT

Blood Purifier of the World.

AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR

CATARRH.

THE most stubborn cases yield readily to it and has not failed to Cure a single case where directions are followed. Its success has been remarkable and its cures wonderful. It is the most successful preparation in the market for CATARRH and the only one that promises an Absolute, Positive Cure. It is truly a blessing to mankind. A Trial is all that is asked for it. Once used, it is always recommended. Send for testimonials of actual cures.

IT HAS NO EQUAL FOR

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A POSITIVE CURE IS ASSURED.

One bottle is generally sufficient for a cure. Stop taking Quinine. A trial only is asked for KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY. It is a SPECIFIC for all diseases arising from an impure blood and drives all eruptions from the skin. For Syphilitic complaints it is superior to any preparation in the market. One bottle will cure most of the following complaints and a continued use will POSITIVELY cure. Save doctor bills and try it.

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SCROFULA.
SKIN ERUPTIONS.
VENEREAL DISEASES.
DYSPEPSIA.
LOSS OF APPETITE.
FEELING OF LANGUOR.
BILIOUSNESS.
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NERVOUS WEAKNESS.
FEMALE WEAKNESS.

KELLER'S CATARRH REMEDY is no patent medicine, but a safe and pleasant preparation to take and surely the greatest medical discovery of the age. One bottle rejuvenates the entire system and possesses more virtue than a half dozen Bottles of ordinary patent preparations. Write for testimonials and other information.

For sale by druggists generally.

PRICE $1.00 A BOTTLE. SIX BOTTLES FOR $5.00. On receipt of $5.00 by the manufacturers, SAMUEL F. KELLER & Co, Harrisburg, Pa., six bottles will be sent express paid.

TRADE MARK.

This double eagle, the National emblem of all the Russias, appears in this connection as the special trade-mark of the

RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE

which is working such wonders with all Rheumatic sufferers who have ever tried it.

IT COMPLETELY CURED

J. F. NEWTON, 513 Broadway, Camden, N. J. Who says: "I was so severely afflicted with rheumatism that I had to carry my arm in a sling. My hands were swollen, my fingers stiff and the pain so intense that for seventeen nights I was unable to sleep. Doctors did me no good. I tried everything; nothing helped me. A friend suggested the Russian Rheumatism Cure. I tried it. Inside of one week I had full use of arm and hand, and have been well ever since."

It has cured every one afflicted with rheumatism who has given it a fair trial.

ONE BOX DOES THE BUSINESS.

Price $2.50. If mailed 10c. additional. If registered 10c. more.

As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and addressing the American proprietors,

PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

The only preparation of COD LIVER OIL that can be taken readily and tolerated for a long time by delicate stomachs.

AND AS A REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, ANEMIA, GENERAL DEBILITY, COLDS AND CHRONIC AFFECTIONS, and all WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN it is marvellous in its results.

Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN,

White and red wheat, rye, shelled corn oats and barley wanted at the Centre Hall Roller Mill—for which the highest market prices will be paid. Grain taken on storage. tf

PAGE IN A WIFE'S DIARY.

The People Who Live in the Flat—Magnanimity as a Principle.

A north side husband has torn the leaf of one day out of his wife's diary and forwarded it to me. The entry is as follows:

The people who live in the lower flat appear to be very nice. I think I shall like her. She was telling me last night how it was she came to marry her husband.

The servant girl of the people who live in the flat below hasn't the sense she was born with. She told our girl that we were to have Tuesday for wash day. Monday has always been our day, and shall be until I die.

8:30 a. m.—Have just told our girl to go at her washing and get it out.

9:30—The girl in the flat below is also washing. Have told our girl to get her washing out first.

10:30—Rev. Dr. ——, our rector, has just called. Good man, but his sermons are so tedious. Wants to know when we are going to bring Gertie down to have her baptized. Mart says not until July. Afraid to have water put on Gertie's head in cold weather. Mart knows.

12—Time for lunch. Girl says she can't get our washing out first and lunch at the same time.

12:30—Never was so hungry in my life, but told the girl to get out the washing.

1 p. m.—Our girl is down in the back yard with the clothes-line. Girl in the flat below out with her line. I wonder if that woman down-stairs thinks that I am going to stand that sort of thing?

1:15—Girls are calling each other names in the back yard. Our girl has one end of our line tied to the post. She has it stretched to the other post. Veni, vidi, vici. Sic semper tyrannis! Home rule is in the top flat.

1:20—The woman in the flat below has told her girl to cut our line. I knew she was a vixen the first time I saw her. I mean the woman, not the girl.

1:25—The girl is cutting our line; —— later. She has cut it. Our girl has thrown the ashpan, ashes and all, over the back porch, and ashes have settled on the clothes of the woman in the flat below.

1:30—There are footsteps on the stairs. I hear the rustle of the dress of the woman in the flat below. There is a knock on my door.

1:50—She is gone. I guess she will not come again. I put a flea in her ear which will keep her out of the back yard.

2 p. m.—Saw a messenger go into the flat below with a hat-box. I wonder if that woman is going to rig out in a new hat before I get mine. Our girl has her clothes line out again, and our washing is all out.

2:30—I wonder what kind of a hat she has—the mean thing.

3—Our washing is still there.

3:30—I wish I could see what sort of a bonnet she has. But I am too proud to ask her forgiveness. Besides, it wasn't my fault.

4 p. m.—What's the use of keeping your enemy down when you've got 'em down? Magnanimity is one of the ruling principles of our house. I am going down. I can afford to do it, because our washing is in.

5 p. m.—I feel better. I went down-stairs and kissed her, and told her she could have the back yard next Monday, all to herself. That broke her back—I mean her pride. Then she kissed me, and we sobbed it out together. Then I saw her bonnet. It is a jewel. It is very becoming to me.

6:30—How quiet the house is. Gertie is asleep and Mart is reading his papers. The little motto over the door, "God Bless Our Home," seems to be living. My new bonnet is ordered, and will be here in the morning. It will cost $6 more than hers. Gertie has just woke up.—Chicago Herald

Daughter Sarah Is Out There.

A Detroiter who was returning from Dakota the other day met an old chap on the train in Illinois who questioned him as to where he had been and inquired:

"Maybe you run across my daughter out there? Her name is Watson."

"I didn't see her."

"Didn't you happen to ride by any house where a woman was whistling?"

"No."

"Sarah whistles, but you may have missed her. Didn't see a man and a woman having a fight anywhere?

"No."

"Sarah and her husband have a regular set-to every two or three days, but you may have taken another road. Didn't hear any woman hollering, 'Durn it to Goshen!' I suppose?"

"Don't think so."

"Sarah hollers that when she stubs her toe, and she can be heard two miles and a half if the wind is right. Meet any woman on the highway who was smoking a clay pipe and sloshing right through the mud puddles?"

"No."

"That's Sarah, you know. Didn't stop in any neighborhood where the school teacher had been licked and the sewing society all busted to gosh, eh? I guess you didn't travel around much."

"But Dakota is a great territory, you know!"

"Yes, I suppose, but if you had been at one end while Sarah was hollering her husband to dinner at the other you must have heard her. Maybe you are a little deaf."—Detroit Free Press.

English and American Play-Goers.

The difference between the English and American public seems to be that one cares a great deal for the theatre and the other cares very little. American play-goers do not set a boundary to the world of letters any more than to human nature itself, which is in all men and all nations the same. When a new interpreter of the universal language appears the play-goers of this country welcome him, and if he shows uncommon skill in his art or appeals with unaccustomed directness to their intellect or their emotions he will enjoy a success as great as his abilities are rare. There is an absolute disregard of nationality in the American recognition of greatness.—Philadelphia Press.

Navigation in the Arctic Regions.

One of the dangers of navigating the waters of this part of the world during the heavy, stormy weather is the fact that the mariner's compass is very unreliable after getting half way through the strait, and the few crafts that enter the western part of the strait and the northern part of the bay can put no dependence on this otherwise safe little guard. The nearness to the magnetic pole lying northwest from the bay makes the instrument quite erratic, and the whalers therein use headlands for bearings, and in heavy weather do the best they can under the circumstances to avoid accidents.—Lieut. Schwatka in Chicago Times.

The Famous Green Corn Dance.

The famous green corn dance of the Comanches" is described by a witness as a wild, grotesque series of leaps and contortions to the weird music of a dirge-like, mournful chant." That so far as we have been able to grasp it, it seems to have been a weak imitation of the common green apple dance of the pale face,, with the pain and fear left out.—Bob Burdette.

London, it is said, has only thirteen daily newspapers.

THE SONNET LOVER.

How many happy hours I've faced
The altars of the Muses' shrine,
And linked with rose-rhymes, line by line,
A girdle for the Sonnet's waist;
Her snowy bosom loosely laced
With sprays of fragrant eglantine—
The fillet for her hair a vine—
Her feet in jeweled sandals cased;
Then to a melody more sweet,
Than Pan upon his reed-pipes played—
Soft as the south-born gales repeat,
Clear as the brook-pulse of the glade—
I've seen her dance on twinkling feet,
And heard her sing the song I made!
—Dempster Sherman in Brooklyn Magazine.

PRICES PAID FRENCH JOURNALISTS.

Scanty Wages Received Thirty Years Ago —The Amounts Paid Nowadays.

"Thirty years ago journalism was almost or wholly unproductive. Between 1846 and 1847 La Silhouette and Le Corsaire paid for contributions at the rate of 6 centimes (1½ cents) a line. Champfleury's 'Satan Chien Caillou' brought him 23f. to 25f. And observe that he was one of the most famed members of the staff. Murger, Busquet, Viard, Vitu, Nicolle, and Weill, who were also popular, had to turn out piles of 'copy' to earn 60f. a month. Their great ambition was to get an article into The Charivari, whose opulent manager paid for articles at the rate of 10 centimes (2 cents) a line.

"In those days, The Journal des Debats was in advance of all its contemporaries, and paid 100f. for a 'leader.' Between 1850 and 1855, 'serious' newspapers usually paid 15c. a line. Men worked for the smaller newspapers for a little or nothing. Sometimes settlements were made 'in kind.' In 1854 a petty journalist, whose name I withhold, received in compensation for two years' steady services, 10f., a faded carpet, three bottles of toilet vinegar, an India rubber over-coat, and three cigar lighters, with flint and tinder. All of these articles had been taken in exchange for advertisements by the manager, who was his own canvasser; times were hard.

"Journalism became lucrative toward the end of the Second Empire. In 1865 an upward movement in prices began. La Petite Presse, a popular journal, allowed its chroniqueur, Tony Revillion, 24,000 francs a year. The Petit Moniteur afterward gave the same salary to Les Lespes, in addition to a percentage on the sale of the paper. The Monde Illustre rated 'copy' from its four courieristes at 40 cents a line. The Figaro paid handsome prices, and M. de Villemessant occasionally increased them liberally. The rate per line ranged from 15 cents to 75 cents; reporters' work was quoted at 50 cents, and feuilletons brought between 15 cents and 30 cents. The largest salaries paid by The Figaro of the period do not exceed 18,000 francs. These, however, carry with them a share of the profits, which bring from 30,000 to 120,000 francs to each holder of the privilege. M. Wolff, M. Magnard, and two or three other contributors are thus favored in accordance with the provisions of M. de Villemessant's will. The leading article in The Figaro usually brings 200 francs, and 500 francs in exceptional cases. M. Zola lately received 500 francs. The Gil Blas gives M. Rochefort 500 francs, and he lately had a contract with L' ntransigeant by which he was guaranteed 1,000 francs for a daily leader and some minor articles. —M. Larchey in Monde Illustre.

Happened Fifty Odd Years Ago.

Governor David S. Crandall, formerly editor of the Lockport Courier, used to tell a story of the great meteoric shower which fell in November, 1833. He was at that time living upon his farm, a few miles distant from Lockport. Among the men he employed was a chore-boy twelve or fourteen years old. On the night referred to, Mr. Crandall was engaged in writing after the rest of the family had gone to bed. Seeing through the window the shower of meteors, he aroused his wife, and then the boy, requesting them to come to the door. The boy was at first absolutely struck dumb with astonishment, thinking that all the stars in the heavens were falling through space. After a little, he turned to the North Star, and his courage came back. "Gosh!" he exclaimed, "the old dipper hangs on yet, don't she?"—San Francisco Argonaut.

M. Emile Zola as a Monarchist.

I was calling on M. Emile Zola when the conversation turned to the political situation in France, and I was not a little astonished to hear the creator of naturalism state that he had no confidence in the republicanism of the French nation. "We are by nature monarchial," he said; "our history, our traditions, our very blood is deeply tinged with royalty; even the working classes like monarchy. Why, let a prince declare himself king here in Paris, with flags flying and bugles blowing, and in a half hour he will have an army of faithful followers behind him, and among them many laborers."—Paris Cor. Inter Ocean.

"For Ways That Are Dark."

It is found that where the Chinese can do so they will ingeniously load raw silk with foreign substances, rice, sugar, etc., to make it weigh heavier, even when they know the deception must inevitably be detected and will lose them good customers. The only way, it is said, to put a check on them is by concerted action among American manufacturers to shut out all raw silk which does not come up to a certain standard. An experienced manufacturer says that "all considerations are inoperative to make the Chinaman honest in his dealings with the foreigner."—Chicago Herald.

A Big Stretch of Imagination.

The hub gets a puff from a gossiper in The New York Tribune as follows: "A. M. Gibson, the newspaper writer, with whom I was talking about Boston yesterday, he having just returned from there, said to me: 'It requires a big stretch of imagination and a personal visit to Boston for a New Yorker to understand what a city there is over there. I confess that I was amazed, when a friend took his map and with a string showed me that within a radius of eighteen miles of Faneuil hall there are 900,000 inhabitants. I would scarcely have believed it.'" —Exchange.

Sea-Waters Heaped About the Land.

A French geologist, Mons de Lapparent, lately called the attention of the Paris Geological society to the effect gravitation has in heaping up sea-waters about the land. The continents are thus all situated at the tops of hills of water; and in crossing the Atlantic the ship has first to go down hill, then to cross a valley, and finally to climb another hill. The calculation has been made that in mid-ocean the surface may be more than half a mile (1,600 meters) below the level it would have if the continents exerted no attraction.—Arkansaw Traveler.

By the Eminent French Artist.

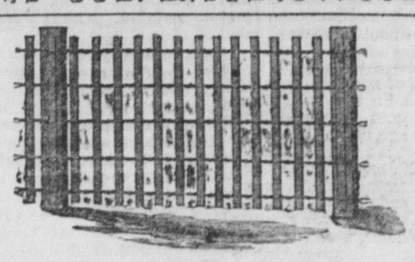
The story is going around of a young reporter who visited a publishing house and then wrote: "Something new for the holiday trade is the Longfellow portfolio. The engravings are by the eminent French artist, De Luxe."—New York Sun.

A weekly English newspaper is to be published in Berlin.

CONSTIPATION!

"There is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by Constipation, and there is no other ill flesh is heir to more apt to be neglected, from the fact material inconvenience may not be immediately felt from irregular action of the bowels. When there is not regular action the retention of decayed and effete matter, with its poisonous gases, soon poisons the whole system by being absorbed into it, causing piles, fistula, headache, impure blood and many other serious affections. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will immediately relieve, and one bottle positively cure or relieve any case of Constipation.

"Was troubled for a year with torpid liver and indigestion, and after trying everything imaginable used BURDOCK • BLOOD • BITTERS. • The first bottle revived me and the second cured me entirely."—J. S. Williamson, Rochester, N. Y.



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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—On and after May 30, 1886.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			11 20 p m
" "	Harrisburg			3 30 a m
" "	Montandon			5 05 a m
" arr at	Williamsport			7 10 a m
" "	Jersey Shore			7 35 a m
" "	Lock Haven			7 58 a m
" "	Renovo			9 25 a m
" arr at	Erie			5 15 p m
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg			8 10 a m
" "	Montandon			10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport			11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven			12 10 p m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia			7 40 a m
" "	Harrisburg			11 25 a m
" "	Montandon			1 24 a m
" arr at	Williamsport			2 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven			3 45 p m
" "	Renovo			4 45 p m
" "	Kane			9 25 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia			11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg			3 46 p m
" "	Montandon			6 04 p m
" "	Williamsport			7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven			8 02 p m
" arr at	Renovo			9 00 p m
	(Sunday Train.			
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia			4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg			7 40 a m
" "	Montandon			9 57 a m
" "	Williamsport			10 40 a m
" "	Lock Haven			11 55 a m
" arrives at	Renovo			12 50 p m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven			7 05 a m
" "	Jersey Shore			7 35 a m
" "	Williamsport			8 15 a m
" "	Montandon			9 16 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg			11 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia			3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane			6 25 a m
" "	Renovo			10 20 a m
" "	Lock Haven			11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport			12 25 p m
" "	Montandon			1 26 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg			3 25 p m
" "	Philadelphia			6 50 p m
RENOVO ACCN leaves	Renovo			4 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven			5 00 p m
" "	Williamsport			6 20 p m
" "	Montandon			7 28 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg			9 30 p m
" "	Philadelphia			4 45 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO ACCN'M'D'N leaves Lock Haven 7 m East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie			2 45 p m
" "	Renovo			11 00 p m
" "	Lock Haven			11 58 p m
" "	Williamsport			1 25 a m
" "	Montandon			2 29 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg			4 30 a m
" "	Philadelphia			8 25 a m

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. PM	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P.M.
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 50
1 45	10 25	6 05	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
1 55		6 15	Biehl	8 51		5 25
2 03		6 22	Vicksburg	8 45		5 18
2 16		6 35	Mifflinburg	8 32		5 05
2 35		6 48	Millmont	8 18		4 48
2 45		6 56	Laurelton	8 12		4 42
3 45		7 49	Coburn	7 25		3 45
3 55		7 56	Zerby	7 15		3 39
4 18		8 10	Rising Spring	6 06		3 12
4 27		8 19	Penn Cave	6 58		2 59
4 40		8 27	Centre Hall	5 50		2 45
4 50		8 34	Gregg	5 43		2 32
5 04		8 45	Linden Hall	5 36		1 18
5 13		8 52	Oak Hall	5 30		1 08
5 20		8 58	Lemont	5 25		12 00
5 27		9 06	Dale Summit	5 20		1 52
5 45		9 16	Pleasant Gap	5 06		1 33
5 50		9 21	Axemann	5 04		1 25
6 00		9 29	Bellefonte	5 00		1 15

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 5.05 p m and 7 30 p m.

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The Husbandman.

Earth of man the bounteous mother,
Feeds him still with corn and wine;
He who best would aid a brother,
Shares with him these gifts divine.

Many a power within her bosom,
Noiseless, hidden, works beneath.
Hence are seed and leaf and blossom,
Golden ear and cluster'd wreath.

These to swell with strength and beauty
Is the royal task of man;
Man's a king, his throne is duty,
Since his work on earth began.

Bud and harvest, bloom and vintage—
These, like man, are fruits of earth,
Stamp'd in clay, a heavenly vintage,
All from dust receive their birth.

Barn and mill, and wine-vat's treasures,
Earthly goods for earthly lives;
These are Nature's ancient pleasures—
These her child from her derives.

What the dream, but vain rebelling,
If from earth we sought to flee?
'Tis our stored and ample dwelling—
'Tis from it the skies we see.

Wind and frost, and hour and season,
Land and water, sun and shade,
Work with these, as bids thy reason,
For thy work thy toil to aid.

Sow thy seed, and reap in gladness!
Man himself is all a seed;
Hope and hardship, joy and sadness—
Slow the plant to ripeness lead.

A FUGUE.

The sun blazes high, for it is 5 o'clock, and mid June. The roses are out in the rectory-garden, and their luscious scent floats in on the drowsy air from the old round bed in the centre, which one cannot see because the red-and-white awning is let down over the study-window.

Mr. Lascelles is out on parish work, and the study is the chosen resort of Catherine and Evelyn Lascelles, his daughters. Catherine, or Cathie, is a girl with fleecy, golden hair; Evelyn wears her brown locks in a crop. Nature has given them a persistent wave, and the barber cuts them short. No fanciful dressing does she give to her head beyond the care of seeing that there is no order, or rather always a picturesque disorder in her locks.

The girls have been talking—one does not do much steady work on June afternoons. Their conversation has left a light of decision in Cathie's grey eyes, and a filmy haze, perhaps a voluptuous fire, in the deep-brown orbs of Evelyn. She throws herself full length on the bamboo reclining-chair by the window, and here are the last words of each sister.

Evelyn says: "It is wholly immaterial to me!" She is 18, and some indescribable expression on her face gives the lie to her haughty words. "I shall not move an inch! He comes, he goes—it is all one. And it is not all one to you!"

Here the soft fire in her eyes takes a flash, and becomes a sparkling fire.

"In the sense you would put upon it, it is all one," replies Cathie the elder by one year; "but it is not all one if you look at it from my point of view. It may be very fine for young Gerald Wickham to come here, but it is not very fine that he should make love to both the rector's daughters at once. That is what people say——"

"Indeed! They make no mark between the two daughters?"

Evelyn would be careless, but she cannot act the part.

"How can they? They only see us all in public. I wish aunt would send over for me!"

"As if you need wait for the sending! Gerald can follow you there."

"Can! Yes! Will—— No."

"Take care!" cries Evelyn.

And at the instant there comes, mingling with the scent of the roses, another perfume, that of—tobacco.

Gerald Wickham, the squire's son, from the Priory, lifts the red striped awning.

And Evelyn lies languid, playing with a huge red Japanese fan; the color has all gone for a moment out of her face, while he lazily leans against the frame of the French-window by which he has come in. Cathie's color heightens one degree—the smallest degree. He is nothing to her; but she is angry that he will make love to her, he for whom Evelyn is wearing out her fiery soul.

He is quite honest; he does not know yet which girl he likes best. He plays with both, but his nature—his lighter nature—wants the pride, the ambition, the fiery purposing of Evelyn's to make him a successful man. Will he find this out, or will he play on, and in the end think that gentler Cathie "best," simply because he will have stung Evelyn into some bitter revolt against him?

He has nearly an hour of flirtation, if you please to call it by such an ugly word. But he is so bright and gay, he is taking the world to be a very good thing indeed, his future squireship is such a comfortable one, he is the very culmination of optimism—why not talk for an hour with two such nice girls as the rector's daughters?

Cathie thinks she knows why not. She slips out of the room, and puts some needful gear into a black bag, and goes down to the aunt who keeps house for the rector. Then she signifies her intention of going over to Aunt Mary's for a day or two.

Mrs. Symons knows that Mary always wants the girl, and both girls always do just as they like, so she merely says: "Very well, dear."

And now we see Cathie standing at the rectory gate. Better, far better, to fly for a few days, for a week even, if only Gerald will in the interval come to his senses.

Something strikes the girl that she is doing a strange thing. Her visit is not strange—no, that might happen any day, because Aunt Mary, who is wife to the doctor in Pucksleigh village, half an hour's walk along by the canal and the meadows, is more truly mother-like to these girls than is the other aunt, who has lived with them for so many years. No, there is no strangeness in going over there for a day or two, but is there not a vague mastering or commanding of fate in what she has taken for the reason of her action.

This thought makes her grave. She does not feel the sweet evening coolness that comes across the shining canal waters; she does not see the fair white, and blue, and gold meshings of flowery and reedy things that fringe the bank; he does not hear the cheep and twitter of the waterfowl hidden in those rushy nests. No; and when she has walked for the half hour she pays no heed to a whisle that is directed towards her; she feels none of the reddening western light that is pouring over her head, and making of her such a sunny bit of fairness—no, she is simply absorbed in her thoughts.

She certainly does not see Aunt Mary wave back the author of that very pronounced whistle.

Chris, or Christopher Landon, the doctor's pupil, or assistant, or deputy, whichever you will, must keep out of sight, so Aunt Mary decrees.

Ah, she is a wise woman! She has the intuitive eyes of motherhood; she sees that Cathie, with her bag, has not come over to Pucksleigh without a reason. And so, alone, she comes out across the pretty, unkempt, daisy-bestarred lawn to greet the girl and to hear her story.

It is soon told.

A whole week runs by, and a couple of pressing messages have gone over from Aunt Mary to her brother, the rector, to beg for Cathie a bit longer. What his women folk desire, good Mr. Lascelles also desires, so there is a second week running by with Evelyn alone.

Alone, do we say?

Not at all that.

One cannot go from the Priory to Pucksleigh without passing the rectory, and Gerald Wickham's steeds are accustomed to water at the rectory founts.

Perhaps the impassioned eyes—girls cannot always set a calm veil over their passion—of Evelyn declare their beauty to Gerald. He always stops there and never gets to Pucksleigh.

Perhaps at first he thinks he has something like an intention of going there; but days go on, and one day he wakes up to the fact that no such intention does at last have any influence with him.

He is sure which girl is "best" now. Evelyn is "best" the most perfect girl, the one woman for him.

And he makes his discovery in no dulcet, dreamy way. Evelyn has said some fiery words of scorn about his aimless, pleasure-loving, empty life, and, like a whipped cur, he has gone riding along the flowery lanes back to dinner at the Priory.

It is a *tete-a tete* dinner with his father, and, like a tacit reproach to his own do-nothing state, he finds the squire is bent upon hurrying over port wine and strawberries. He is up to the ears in business; he has magisterial papers to con before the morrow; he has this and that to do. And telling it all as by habit to his son, he little thinks what purposes he is driving into that son's, as yet, irresponsible personality. He goes away to his den, and Gerald lights a cigar and saunters out over the quaint old pleasance with his collie at his heels.

A young man's fancies are turned many ways. Gerald may be somewhat displeased with the reproving world in which he suddenly finds himself, he may be somewhat dissatisfied with his own actions, or lack of actions. We do not care to dive into the mystery of his thoughts; he is perhaps a thoroughly transparent, honest-souled individual, and as such may not reward our search. However, he smokes out a second cigar, and he finds himself at what he is pleased to consider a logical conclusion to one division of a multiform difficulty.

He will marry Evelyn Lascelles! Then he'll travel a while, then—how grandly easy it all stands out in the future, that the moonlit garden frames in for him—then he'll put up for the southern division of the country. There must be a general election before the year is out!

"Hey! Presto!" cries the magician, "and is all this to be carried out before the end of the year comes?"

"Assuredly!" answers Youth and Gerald.

The morning rises, and with it Gerald goes once again to the rectory. He then waits by the little green gate; looking in, he sees a tall man, with grizzled, closely-cut hair, walking along by his flower-beds. His lean hands are loosely clasped together behind his back, the long loose flaps of his clerical coat are quaintly opposed to the severe, thin, dry character of his physical self. He is either controlling or watching a girl in her morning gardening—a girl who wears a dark-hued crimson linen dress, and whose dark head is shaded by a big flapping willow hat.

A lilac bush, full with summer leafage may screen him, and Gerald chooses to be so screened; it does not enter into his masterful plans that he should see the rector in any way but one that day.

How the dear rector dallies among the roses! But he goes in at last, and Gerald then clicks the latch of the little gate and——

Enough. By-and-by he walks into the study, and he has that interview with the rector which he had planned to have.

And another evening comes when he and his father, the squire, dine tete-a-tete. The squire, good old man, is tired with his day; he and his brother-magistrates have had a full time of it, and he is predisposed for an after-dinner nap, and heedless of the restless vivacity of his son and heir.

But Gerald rules the hour. Suddenly his easy, happy-go-lucky nature finds a persistent masterfulness within, and what he wills he does. He tells the squire that he has "won his wife."

"No—hey! Well, that's right, my boy. And who may she be?"

The squire nods his head roguishly, and pours himself a further glass of port. "Maybe I have a guess."

"Miss Lascelles."

Gerald is loftily cool.

The squire smacks his knee; he has turned, and sits sideways in his comfortable everyday habit.

"Good—good!" he ejaculates half to himself. "Which one, though? They say——"

"They! Who are they?" and Gerald at once feels wrathful at any "they" daring to speak of him or his.

"Walcott, of Bray, and Daly, and—"

"Bah!" contemptuously. "It is Miss Evelyn Lascelles. I wonder you talk of private concerns with such men as those!"

"Miss Evelyn? Ha—hum!" rather doloriously. "My good sir"—the squire rouses, "those are all very good men—very good men, indeed. Walcott is older than we are in the county, mind you!"

"What may they have chosen to say of me?"

The young man has walked from his seat to the window, but here he comes back again, rests his two hands on the back of his chair, looking at his father with a laughable defiance in his blue eyes, but after a second or two seats himself. Clearly, the situation calls for tragic demonstration.

"Why, the place pairs you and the other young lady; the fair one—Miss Cathie!"

"The place is wrong, then!"

Simultaneously with this Evelyn and her aunt talk of the same subject from their feminine point of view. Strange though it may seem, at the very hour when the squire is enlightening his son with the public opinion of the county, Mrs. Symons is giving to Evelyn her private opinion, which concurs with that of the public.

Some women are idiots—blind, foolish rousers of evil passions, destroyers of peace, and all with the best "intentions."

Evelyn is dazed for a moment. Then she gathers together her forces, and slips away to bed. But—you have had a hint of her fiery, passionate nature—she is wild. She has given her love; she has been played with—she sees it all now. No doubt Gerald has been haunting Pucksleigh, and no doubt he takes her because Cathie will have none of him!

Plainly, she is bereft of her senses.

She lies awake all night, and in the morning she will fly to Cathie, and fling the gift of a lover back to her!

The morning wakes and she goes.

No, Gerald, though, has been near Pucksleigh.

Cathie has had a "heavenly time," as she says in her heart of hearts.

Aunt Mary is glad to have the girl under her wing just now, for she knows how the even tide of the Pucksleigh life is getting astir in its deeper nether waters.

Pucksleigh, as a hamlet, drones on as it seems to have droned since prehistoric times, and its future has no apparent scintillations of light darting towards the present. Pucksleigh, to Aunt Mary, is her own house, the doctor's house, and she knows that a drama of life is near its climax.

Her husband, the doctor, had a pupil, who is no longer a pupil, but works hand-to-hand with the doctor himself. An open-browed young man is Christopher Landon; he has but lately come back to Pucksleigh from winning his M. D., and he elects for a year to work on with his old master and friend, while he looks quietly about him for a practice.

He stands alone in the world; but fate has treated him kindly, and the wealth he inherits has never held before him a temptation towards idleness. He comes of a race of doctors, and the inherited bent of his mind has been happily fostered by the people among whom the lad has grown up. He is a grown man now; he looks forward with clear eyes on the broad vista of life that lies spread, sunlit before him.

When he sees Catharine Lacelles come from over the meadow, and seeing he knows her well, he whistles a blithe welcome. He is hurrying out of the surgery when he hears voices. Ah, there is Cathie coming in under the trellised roses, but Aunt Mary is with her!

And Chris draws back. Suddenly he sees his own thought. He had wished for Cathie alone! That means one thing; and Chris is manly and true, and from that moment he clasps his lately awakened thought as a boy knight might clasp his first sword. He has a treasure—a thing to hold in purity and brave manliness before the eyes of the world!—in common village parlance he shows himself as this girl's lover! Surely a simple English gentleman would do this.

The doctor and Aunt Mary bid him "God speed!" but also bid him give Cathie time. As they see things, she is not a girl to be won hastily, even by a man she knows as well as she knows Christopher Landon.

So days run on in the sweet summertime, and Cathie grows to forget the cause of her flight, because, unwittingly, her soul is becoming steeped in the sweetest rest she can know; for, one evening, Chris speaks some words in her ear—quiet, brave, manly words they are—and she, flushing rosy red under them, is in an unclouded paradise. She just lays her hand in his. They are to walk together along the valleys and hills of life. And he is satisfied with the still answer.

It is the evening when, under the same radiant sunset, Gerald and Evelyn are thinking of her—Cathie.

The morning comes. There is a sea of harmony floating about her—serenest, divinest content. All is, if one may so speak, like one burst of grand majesttic monotone.

Have you never heard many voices—hundreds of voices—singing free from the changing break of chords? And has not such music held your soul as by an almost godlike power?

But they are flying to her—flying across meadows, and by the reedy canal's banks. Burdened with the discords of jealousy, fired by the difficulty of counter-wills; by different roads they come, each bringing a surging, angry tumult into the grand monotone of peace!

But Gerald and Evelyn meet. Coming hurriedly, they have to meet where the garden paths join in a surrounding drive.

The flight is over. No one runs away any more—no one seeks to fly any more. Again we borrow from the ways of old music; all the discords, all the fine, sweet melodies, all the quaint fancies are gathered together, and march in simplest grandeur of finale. The harmony is perfect; one would shout a cry of victory on the sound of the first creative theme.

Christopher, coming out of the dimness of the doctor's doorway, is drawing a white-clad girl along with him. The girl is Cathie, and she, smiling up at him, is saying something one does not hear.

At the moment two figures meet before their eyes. Chris draws Cathie's hand within his arm.

"We are going to the rector," says Chris "Turn back with us."

THE man whose negligence drives his fowls, for the satisfying of their thirst, to the snowdrift or vile gutter, is worse than Pharaoh, if he demand or expect eggs.

"A Man as Was Wronged."

If it had been a pleasant day, and if we hadn't all been out of sorts with our luck, we should have had a word of welcome for the stranger as he entered our camp that wretched afternoon. As it was, fifty of us saw him leave Chinese Trail at Dead Man's Elbow and walk into our camp, and never a man rose up to salute him.

The stranger seemed to expect just such a reception. That is, he didn't seem a bit surprised. He passed down the single street we had named Road to Riches, turned to the left at the lone pine tree, and without once looking around him he staked off a claim and began to erect a shanty.

"Bad man, I'm afeared," growled Judge Slasher, as he partly closed one eye and gave the stranger the benefit of the squint.

"Bin bounced out of some camp fur stealin'," added the big chap from Kentucky.

"Tell you, he's got a hang-dog look," put in the man known as "Ohio Bill."

Every man in the camp was down on the fresh arrival, and that without cause. Ordinarily we were a jolly set, and a stranger coming among us met with words of cheer, but that afternoon the devil was to pay. The three mules belonging to camp had strayed off and been gobbled by the Indians, and on the heels of this discovery came the announcement that we had only salt enough to last two days, while the sugar was entirely gone.

So we were cross-grained and out of sorts, and it was lucky for the stranger that he gave us no cause to pick a quarrel. The next day was bright and fair, and if it hadn't been for Judge Slasher some of us would have gone over and excused our manners and asked the stranger to chip in and become neighborly; but the Judge said:

"He's a bad un, he is. I kin tell it by the way his head is set on his body. Fust thing we know a committee will come along here and gobble him up fur robbery or murder."

Two weeks had passed, and while some or us had given the stranger a curt "good morning" no one had struck hands with him, or entered his shanty to smoke a friendly pipe. Then a climax came. The six of us occupying one shanty were working in common, and our bag of dust was buried in a corner of the fire-place. One morning this bag was missing, and you can imagine that there was a first-class row in no time. There was the hole where some one had dug under the stones and carried off our treasure, and whom were we to suspect? We had faith in each other, and we could not suspect outsiders because none of them knew where our bag was concealed, and because this was the first case of stealing ever known on Betsey Jane Hill.

Yes, we were mad, and in the excitement of the first discovery we came near having a free fight among ourselves. It increased our anger to discover that we could not reasonably suspect any one, and this fact made every one of us try the harder to pick up a clue. At length Judge Slasher sprang to his feet with the exclamation:

"By the bones of Kidd! but I know the thief!"

"Who is he?"

"That hang-dog, sheep-stealing stranger! Hang me! if I didn't dream of his coming in here last night to borrow a shovel, and it was his digging under the stones which started that dream! He has held aloof from us, and that's proof enough that he came here for no good purpose."

It was a straw to catch at. We had lost in a night all we had gained by months of hard work, and we didn't stop to reason. It was decided to lay the charge at the stranger's door, and if he could prove his innocence so much the better for him.

The news that the White House, as we called our shanty, had been robbed, spread like wildfire, and as we started for the stranger's claim our crowd numbered a full hundred. He was outside at work, and as he saw us coming he was startled. The angry murmurs and black looks must have frightened him. You will say that an innocent man would have stayed and braved the storm. As the crowd swooped down on this man be started off at a run.

"Halt! Halt! Halt, or we'll shoot!" shouted a score of men.

"He's the thief—stop him! stop him!" roared the Judge.

Five or six shots were fired almost as one, and the fugitive tumbled forward on the rocks. Three bullets entered his back, and as the foremost man bent over him and turned his white scared face to the heavens he gasped out:

"You have murdered me—God forgive you!"

"Now to search him!" said the Judge as he came up, and a half dozen hands made quick work of it. Resting on his breast, and made fast to his neck by a ribbon, was a package wrapped in oil-skin. There was a flutter of excitement as the Judge rudely snapped the string and held the package in his hand. It was our dust.

No! We formed in a circle around the judge as he sat on a rock and opened the package and in less than a minute there were white faces among us. What were the contents? A photograph of a fair faced middle aged woman, and on the card was written:

"Mary—died June 9th 1857."

That was the dead man's wife! There was a second photograph—that of a babe about a year old, and the Judge read aloud in a trembling voice:

"Our Harry—died April 4th, 1857."

That was not all. On a card were locks of their hair. There was a gold ring once worn by the wife, a faded ribbon which her fingers had touched, and a bit of plaid like the dress the baby wore when photographed. Relics of what? Of years agone—of a fond wife and beautiful child—of joy and happiness—of a husband's love and a father's grief!

And we were looking down upon these things and feeling our hearts swelling up and our eyes growing misty when up comes our good-for-nothing, half-witted cook with the bag of dust in his hand! In repairing the fire-place he had moved the bag, and in the excitement over its supposed loss what little wit he had was frightened away for the moment. The hole under the stones had been made by some animal in search of food, and in our haste we had accused and murdered an innocent man.

It came to us in full force as we stood there, and men sighed and wiped their eyes and walked away with trembling steps. The Judge felt that he was most to blame. He was looked upon as a hard, wicked man, but those relics of the dead broke him up. He sat there and wept like a child, and in a voice hardly audible for his great emotion, he moaned:

"Heaven forgive me for this awful deed!"

With sorrow—with tenderness—with hearts like children, we dug a grave and put the poor body into it, and with his own hands the Judge planted the headboard and engraved thereon:

"Here lies a man as was wronged!"

Fortunes Made in Old Corks.

"You wouldn't think a man could make a fortune selling old corks and bottles, would you? Well, I know a man who bought out a coffin shed twenty-five years ago and began to deal in old corks. Eight years ago he went into the bottle business, and he is now a rich man." The policeman who said this took the writer down Mulberry street, and a few blocks below Bleecker stopped before a rickety old building, in front of which stood several barrels filled with bottles of all sizes. There were bottles emptied of Vino Yermouth, Piper Sec and Rhine wine, of Bass' ale, claret and stomach bitters. Inside the shop were seen the necks of a thousand bottles, pointed toward the door like little howitzers. They were piled up and boxed up and were in rows on the floor. From the roof hung dingy demijohns, covered with cobwebs, and in the center of the room was a barrel of champagne corks.

"How many corks have you sold today, Hugh?" asked the policeman.

"Eight barrels."

"How many bottles?"

"Seventy-five gross. You see we never take the labels off, and never wash the bottes. The men who buy wine bottles want the labels as well as the bottles—sometimes want the labels much more than the bottles; but we do not deal in labels. When a junkman comes in with a load of bottles he may have twenty different kinds. We sort them. When we get a gross of a certain kind we know where to sell them. A gross of quart champagne bottles fetches $4.50; pints, $2.25. Claret bottles sell for $3.75 per gross, and so do soda water bottles. Bass' ale is worth $2.25, but for Rhine wine bottles we get $6 per gross. "Tom" gins and stomach bitters go at $4; porter and Vino Vermouth at $2.25. Apollinaris, quarts, we sell for $5 per gross, and pints at $3.25. A gallon demijohn is only worth 20 cents, but larger beer bottles with the patent stoppers bring $8 per gross. Root beer bottles sell for $6, while ginger ales only fetch $1.50. We sell Hathorn, Congress and Geyser bottles back to the mineral spring men in Saratoga for 30 cents per dozen. Most of the small bottles are bought by catsup and table sauce makers. We don't buy medicine bottles. We sell very little stock to medicine men.

"You know a champagne cork has a sound head and is turned from the bark. It is not cut out as straight corks are made. When it pops from the bottle the head is cut up by the string and the cork looks like a mushroom. We put them in a big kettle of boiling water and swell them. Then they're as good as new. Ordinary sound corks sell for twenty-five cents per gross, but corks from champagne bottles, made with more labor, bring $2.50. We have handled enough corks in the past twenty-five years to float the Great Eastern."

English Farmers in America.

Mr. Burt, a member of the British Parliament, spent much of last summer in this country, and in an interesting letter writes: On the prairies of Illinois and in the neighborhood of Kingston, Canada, I met several people who were formerly laborers in England and in the north part of Ireland, who are now the owners of the farms they till. They seem to be doing well. I spent a few days in Illinois with two brothers who went from the north of England some thirty years ago. They took nothing with them but stout hearts and a pair of ready, willing hands. They have now farms of their own, in one case of one hundred acres and in the other of eighty acres. They have erected good houses, stables, barns, and the usual outbuildings connected with a well-equipped farm. Surrounding their homesteads are orchards in which they grow many kinds of fruit. Their land is well cultivated, and well stocked with fine animals. Nearly everything they require is produced by themselves; in short, they are independent as far as anybody on earth can be independent. They still work hard, but work for themselves, and were among the happiest people I met in my travels. There was a quiet dignity, a self-possession, an absence of haste and worry in the life of these sturdy farmers which afforded a pleasant contrast to much that I saw in other parts of America.

How to Open Oysters.

"Talk of opening oysters," said old Hurrican, "why nothing's easier if you only know how."

"And how's how," inquired Starlight.

"Scotch snuff," answered old Herricane, very sententiously, "Scotch snuff; bring a little of it ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

"I know a genius," observed Mr. Karl, "who has a better plan. He spreads the bivalves in a circle, seats himself in the center, and begins spinning a yarn. Sometimes it's an adventure in Mexico—sometimes a legend of his love—sometimes a marvellous stock operation. As he proceeds the oysters get interested; one by one they gape with astonishment at the tremendous and direful whoppers which are poured forth; and as they gape, my friend whips 'em out, peppers 'em and swaller 'em."

"That'll do," said Starlight, with a long sigh. "I wish we had a bushel of them here now—they'd open easy."

Italics in Our English Bibles.

The King James Bibles italicize all the words supplied in translating, even the pronominal subject which is implied in the verb by its inflection, or the copula-verb implied by the juxtaposition of words. The revisers, in their preface lay down a rule which is, for substance, that they will italicize only the words that are *supplied* for making good sense in English, and not those which are properly *implied* in the phraseology of the Hebrew. But in their use of this rule they seem to count all the ordinary conjectures by which the translator into English supplements the Hebrew phraseology as implied; it is only in extraordinary instances that they count anything as supplied. That their rule, properly understood, is a correct one, I do not dispute; but I am constrained to question its correctness as interpreted by the use they make of it.

That their usage is that which ordinarily obtains in popular translations into English from other languages will readily be admitted; but the English Bible, though a popular translation, is in some important respects different from most other popular translations. If their was any reason why revisers should spend so much time upon it, that reason is found in the fact that the Bible is a religious book—a book which people are expected not merely to read and lay aside as they do the latest novel or poem, but to study carefully and accurately. It follows that all means not inconsistent with the flowing character of a popular book should be used to make the translation an accurate reproduction of the original. The revisers recognize the use of italic type as a means of this sort. We are familiar with it. It does not offend the eye. It does not interfere with continuous and fluent reading. It ought to be retained, therefore, wherever it actually conduces to the more accurate expression of either the meaning or the characteristic style of the original. Probably half or more of the omissions of italics in the Revised Version are in violation of this principle.

Let me illustrate this by a few instances taken at random from Malachi:

(1) "My name *shall* be great among the Gentiles" (Mal. i. 11), the Revised Version translates "my name is great," putting "shall be" into the margin. The revisers, therefore, here recognize the fact that it is a matter of difference of judgment whether the copula should be supplied in the present or in the future—that is whether the passage is a statement of fact or a prediction. The insertion of the word *is* to make out the sense in English is not merely the insertion of the copula which is implied in the Hebrew, but is also the insertion of the opinion of the translator that the statement is that of a fact and not of a prediction. I think that this opinion is correct, but manifestly it is supplied as a matter of critical judgement, and not implied in the Hebrew of the clause. The italicizing of it would indicate this, and would thus avoid the stating of the conjecture as if it were a fact. In this instance, the matter is somewhat less important, because the marginal note calls attention to the difference of opinion as to the tense; but in hundreds of similar instances there is no marginal note.

(2) "Pour you out a blessing, that *there shall* not *be room* enough *to receive it*" (Mal. iii. 10). Here the Revised Version omits the italics except with the last three words. The Hebrew is here obscure. Different scholars give several different explanations of it. The translators of King James takes one explanation, but make it evident that they obtain it by filling up from the Hebrew. The revisers take the same explanation, and conceal the fact that it is mostly explanation. If one should retranslate the King James version into Hebrew he would be very likely to hit upon the exact words of the original. If he should retranslate the Revised Version he would obtain a result entirely different from the original.

(3) A very different instance is "a son honoreth *his* father, and a servant his master" (Mal. i. 6). Here the revision omits the italics. In this case it is true that the word *his* is implied, which would ordinarily be sufficient reason for leaving it undistinguished. But here it is also true that it would be as natural for the Hebrew to express the pronoun as for the English; that the omission of it is a mark of peculiar style; that this peculiarity might be transferred into perfectly good English: "A son honoreth a father, and a servant his master;" that the peculiarity is at least indicated in the old version by its noting that the word *his* is supplied; that it is buried out of sight in the revision, and that the test of retranslation would here vindicate the old and condemn the new.

The instances thus objected to must be nearly half as numerous as the verses in the Old Testament. They may be relatively fewer in the New Testament. In this matter the Bible of King James, with all its superfluity of italics, is greatly to be preferred to that of the revisers, with its thousands upon thousands of supplied conjectors, undistinguishable from the other parts of the text.

M. Mangins, of Paris, France, has recently made an interesting experiment with a paper balloon of about 150 feet cubic capacity. It was filled in ten minutes with pure hydrogen, furnished by the Egasse apparatus. A Swan incandescent lamp was suspended in the centre of the balloon, surrounded by the gas, and a current passed through it. The incandescent light rendered the balloon transparent, giving it the appearance of an immense Chinese lantern. It was held captive about 70 feet above the surface of the ground and experiments made to prove its value for signaling. The signals were made by lighting and extinguishing the lamps. The same experimenter is working on the problem of reheating balloon gases during nocturnal voyages, but beyond the ability to use the balloon as a signal-light carrier in case of war, the invention has apparently little real value.

The process of curling feathers consists in heating them slightly before the fire, then stroking them with the back of a knife, when they will curl.

SCIENTIFIC.

A Belgian statistician has just published some interesting facts about the comparative sums paid by each citizen in the various countries of Europe for war purposes and for education. In England war taxes per capita amount to $4.45, educational to 75 cents; in France the respective amounts are $5.17 and 33 cents, in Prussia $2.83 and 58 cents, in Russia $2.45 and 8 cents, in Italy $1.85 and 16 cents, in Austria $1.60 and 39 cents, in Switzerland $1.16 and $1. Of all these countries the last is the only one that makes a decent comparative showing for the instruction of youth. The Russian figures are peculiarly significant.

Mr. Routledge held lately at a scientific meeting that the paper trade was probably the one which turned to immediate use more waste products than any other. In it was utilized cotton, flax, hemp and jute waste, and old ropes and canvas rags. In fact the paper manufacturer could turn to profitable purpose any vegetable fibre.

In Mr. Robert Bonner's noted Westchester county breeding stud there is a yearling colt which weighs 1062 pounds, yet with fine points and all the promise of a very fast trotter, The owner attributes the result to the experiment tried with the dam and the colt, which is substantially the same as that pursued by English breeders.

The manufacture of alcohol from wood has increased rapidly within a few years, and it is said to be used largely for patent bitters, ginger extracts and other alcoholic compounds whose strong flavor makes in unnecessary to use a better quality of spirits. Wood alcohol is a dangerous product, and sometimes gives rise to serious disturbances of the brain and nervous system.

Near Tabiana, Italy, the remains of a fossil elephant have been found. The tusks measure 3.2 metres in length and 0.28 metres where they are narrowest. The find had caused quite a sensation, and there will likely be a careful excavation made when the winter is over.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

A tree is not a post. The post requires a small hole and deep; the tree a broad hole well filled with rich, friable earth.

A Cure of Pneumonia.

Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with Pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering in its use a cure was effected.

Mulching the gooseberry is said to be one of the best preventives of mildew. Salt hay is an excellent material for the purpose.

To err is human, but you make no mistake if you use Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic for dyspepsia, costiveness, bad breath, piles, pimples, ague and malaria, poor appetite, low spirits, or diseases of the kidneys, stomach and liver. 50 cents.

In feeding you want to notice that some animals are more dainty as to their choice than others; their likes should be respected.

A Most Liberal Offer!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAIC BELTS and Electric Appliances on thirty days' trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

The poultry business cannot be monopolized; every man, woman and child can raise poultry without depending upon large amounts of capital.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF DISEASE are often laid by the irregularities of eating, sleeping and movement of the bowels experienced during traveling. To prevent an irregular action, and a torpid condition of the digestive apparatus, use DR. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITTERS. No traveler by sea or land should fail to take it with him. It may save his life.

A cheap paint for barns, it is said, may be composed of twelve pounds melted pitch, one quart linseed oil and two pounds yellow ochre, mixed thoroughly.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. It is prepared with the greatest skill and care, under the direction of the man who originated it. Hence Hood's Sarsaparilla may be depended upon as strictly pure, honest, and reliable.

Tobacco smoke, tobacco water and the vapor or steam of tobacco water are the sure destructives of the aphis.

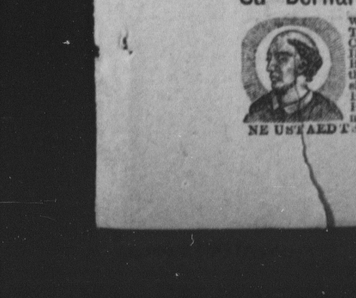
WHEN you get your boots and shoes straightened use Lyon's Heel Stiffeners; they will save you money, give you comfort and keep them straight.

A rat-proof corn-bin may be made by lining the inside of an ordinary bin with No. 4 wire.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Tickling in the throat is relieved by a gargle of salt and water.

St. Bernard Vegetable Pills.



WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Spring Medicine they have no equal. No family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Sample sent FREE. Address NE USTAED Pill & Co., 81 Mercer St., New York

DR. RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

The Great Blood Purifier, for the Cure of all Chronic Diseases.

Chronic Rheumatism, Chronic Catarrh in the Head, Scrofula, Syphilitic Complaints, etc., Glandular Swelling, Dry Hacking Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, White Swellings, Tumors, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions of the Face, Ulcers, Hip Diseases, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Diabetes, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc.

SCROFULA

Whether transmitted from parents or acquired, is within the curative range of the **Sarsaparillian Resolvent.**

Cures have been made where persons have been afflicted with Scrofula from their youth up to 20, 30 and 40 years of age, by **DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT**, a remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure.

Sold by all druggists. One dollar a bottle.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

For the relief and cure of all Pains, Congestions and Inflammations.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS

For **DYSPEPSIA** and for the cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels. Constipation, Biliousness, Piles, Headache, etc. **Price 25 cents.**

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., N. Y.

THE woody fibres which go to make up the bulk of a timber tree are nothing but cells of a particular form thickened by the deposit of woody matter in their interior, and aggregated in a special way.

THE watering troughs are liable to get full of filth and rubbish, and will need attention every day. The water for horses should be as pure as can be secured.

CALIFORNIA is becoming a cotton growing state. One plantation in Sanoma county yielded, last season, 40,000 pounds from 200 acres.

SEEDS buried too deeply receive a deficient supply of air. As a rule, seeds require to be sown more deeply in proportion to their size, and the lightness of the soil.

IT is said that a saving of half a cent a bushel in gathering the corn crop of Kansas would be an aggregate economy of nearly three-quarters of a million dollars.

"TEN acres properly cultivated are worth fifty half done," was wisely said by the retiring president of the New York state agricultural society at the last annual meeting.

"Fire-proof Paper May be Made,"

says a scientific exchange, "from a pulp, consisting of one part vegetable fibre, two parts asbestos, one-tenth part borax, and one-fifth part alum." It is a pity that such facts as the one following cannot be written, printed or otherwise preserved, upon some sort of indestructible paper. "My wife suffered seven years and was bed-ridden, too," said W. E. Huestis, of Emporia, Kansas, "a number of physicians failed to help her. Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured her." All druggists sell this remedy. Everybody ought to keep it. It only needs a trial.

Peas, of the round kinds, may be planted very early. The wrinkled are more tender,

What a Change!

A few short weeks ago that young girl was the personification of health, vigor and beauty. The blush upon her cheeks rivalled that of the rose; her step was light and buoyant, her every movement was a revelation of perfect physical health. Yet now she is pallid and haggard, and her superabundant vitality has given place to a strange dullness and lassitude. What has caused this change? Functional irregularities, which can be cured by Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a remedy to which thousands of women to-day owe their lives. All druggists.

Dry earth or muck in the stable will save manure, prevent disease and keep the milk from being tainted.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

To have early potatoes keep the seed potatoes in a warm room to start the eyes.

The purest, sweetest and best Cod Liver Oil in the world, manufactured from fresh, healthy livers, upon the seashore. It is absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. Made by Caswell, Hazard & Co. New York.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

See that the cows have a dry place to lie on. Their udders should not be imbedded in and incrusted with filth.

Man, Woman or Child attacked with Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Gravel or Urinary Complaints should use the best weapon—Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

It goes right to the spot. Price 25c., $1.00.

If the oven is too hot when baking place a small dish of cold water in it.

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. *Try them*

Wind colic is promptly relieved by peppermint essence taken in a little warm water. For small children it may be sweetened. Paregoric is also good.

"What a lovely head of hair she has?" was said of a certain young lady not long ago, and if she would only tell the world that she used Carboline, the natural Petroleum Hair renewer, she would confer a great favor to all her sex.

For pains in the chest or stomach, as much Dover's powder as will lie on a silver 5-cent piece.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is better and cheaper than any other, at double the price. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

Sleeplessness caused by too much blood in the head may be overcome by applying a cloth wet with cold water to the back of the neck.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is agreeable to use. It is not a liquid or a snuff. 50c

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." MRS. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." MRS. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla

This successful medicine is a carefully-prepared extract of the best remedies of the vegetable kingdom known to medical science as Alteratives, Blood Purifiers, Diuretics, and Tonics, such as Sarsaparilla, Yellow Dock, Stillingia, Dandelion, Juniper Berries, Mandrake, Wild Cherry Bark and other selected roots, barks and herbs. A medicine, like anything else, can be fairly judged only by its results. We point with satisfaction to the glorious record Hood's Sarsaparilla has entered for itself upon the hearts of thousands of people who have personally or indirectly been relieved of terrible suffering which all other remedies failed to reach. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

VINEGAR BITTERS

Is the great Blood Purifier and Life-giving Principle; a Gentle Purgative and Tonic; a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system.

In Vinegar Bitters there is vitality but no alcoholic or mineral poison.

Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of the Bitters.

Vinegar Bitters allays feverishness. It relieves, and in time cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Gout, and similar painful diseases.

Vinegar Bitters cures Constipation and prevents Diarrhœa.

Never before has a medicine been compounded possessing the power of VINEGAR BITTERS to heal the sick.

Send for either of our valuable reference books for ladies, for farmers, for merchants, our Medical Treatise on Diseases, or our Catechism on Intemperance and Tobacco, which last should be read by every child and youth in the land.

Any two of the above books mailed free on receipt of four cents for registration fees.

R. H. McDonald Drug Co., 532 Washington St., N.Y.

SEEDS FOR TRIAL FOR LATE PLANTING. Pearl Flour Corn, best yielder known; Sweet Potato Pumpkin; Honeysuckle Watermelon; Strawberry Preserving Tomato—very superior new seeds. The lot mailed for dime. No stamps. Paper of Sorghum Radishes thrown in. **JAMES HASLEY,** Seed Grower, Madison, Ark.

FOUR ACRES OF CABBAGE PLANTS for sale, at **$1.50 a 1000.** by E. J. HULL, Olyphant, Lacka. Co., Pa.

SURE CURE for DYSPEPSIA & INDIGESTION. Address J. M. SHELLY, Charlotte, N. C.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER.

Chichester Chemical Co., 2313 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by **Dr. J. B. Mayer,** the successful specialist. Fees at once; no operation or delays from business. Test by hundreds of cures. Main Office, 411 Arch St., Phila. Hours from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2732 North Fifth St., 6 to 9 P. M. and Sundays.

CONSUMPTION I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N.Y.

Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio.

G has taken the lead in the sales of that class of remedies, and has given almost universal satisfaction. MURPHY BROS. Paris, Tex. G has won the favor of the public and now ranks among the leading Medicines of the seldom. A. L. SMITH. Bradford, Pa. Sold by Druggists. $1.00.

FACE, HANDS, FEET, and all their imperfections, including Facial Development, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Red Nose, Acne, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting and their treatment. **Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY,** 37 E. Pearl St., Albany, N. Y. Est'd 1870. Send 10c. for book

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. 25 CTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

OPIUM MORPHINE HABIT CURED. A NEW METHOD. DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, Jefferson, Wisconsin.

Palms' Business College, Philadelphia. Terms only $40. Situations furnished. Write for circular

$3 Electric Belt and Suspensory for Kidneys, Pain, Nervous and Weak. Fletcher & Co., Cleveland, O.

WELL BORING AND ROCK DRILLING MACHINES. Tools for all kinds of Well making. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

Pensions for Officers & Heirs. Send stamp for Circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

WANTED Reliable Salesmen to Travel and sell to the trade our Celebrated Cigars, Tobacco, Cigarettes, &c. Liberal arrangements. Salary or Commission. Address immediately NEW YORK & HAVANA CIGAR CO., No. 1 Fourth Av., N.Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 50cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass

A FEW grape vines planted along the borders of the walks and trained to meet overhead will not only provide shade but yield a crop of fruit as well. The vines can therefore be made useful and ornamental.

MANY Connecticut farmers have been successful in raising early amber cane, and getting a good quality of both syrup and sugar from it. The yield has ranged from 100 to 300 gallons of syrup per acre, at a cost of about 26 cents per gallon.

ONE school district in Maine, containing eighteen farms, received over $10,000 for apples sold in a single year.

EXPERIMENTS in draining roads with tile, it is said, will solve the problem of securing good wagon roads for the western prairies.

FARM NOTES.

GROWING ONIONS.—The man who believes any soil strong enough to grow onions will be disappointed in his crop. Few vegetables can endure so much potent manure, and although the roots do not reach far they manage to secure all the fertilizing material they can assimilate. The onion perfects its growth in a short time, and always early in the season. With the extreme heat of August they ripen up, be they large or small. Therefore, it is important to aid growth during this short period. Whenever possible, it is advisable to prepare the soil during the previous Autumn, applying as much strong manure as can conveniently be ploughed under. By leaving the ground in ridges the soil will be mellowed by the frost, and the next Spring it may again be ploughed and made fine. Onion sets, that is bulbs of one season's growth, can scarcely be too small, as those of large size are apt to run to seed, and, in fact, never make large solid bulbs. These sets must never be planted deep, but merely pushed into the surface, as roots will start from the base if merely placed in contact with moisture. Some growers even insist upon uncovering their bulbs during the growing season, but this is extreme culture. The sweepings of the chicken-house, dried and pulverized, form an excellent dressing for the beds after the sets have made a start, although it is too strong in ammonia for most crops. Those who dislike bed culture often form slight ridges of soil, say two feet apart, and along the summit of these place the sets, with a parsnip seed between every two. In the intermediate space, late in the season, may be planted celery or cabbage, so as to utilize the entire surface and reap the full benefit of the manure.

GOOD cows, like good people, die young. The high feeding which such cows receive is probably in part responsible for this. We can feed higher when a cow has green feed, and the ability to feed larger quantities of grain and meal may prove one of the important advantages of ensilage.

AN excellent vegetable is salsify or "vegetable oyster." It is not grown as generally as it ought to be, and is often hard to obtain. It should be sown early in the spring, in deep, rich, mellow soil, and not a weed should be suffered to dispute the ground with it.

A HANDFUL of linseed meal about three times a week will do your horse good in more ways than one.

OH! MY BACK

Every strain or cold attacks that weak back and nearly prostrates you.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY. Trade Mark. On Every Bottle. PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT. THE BEST TONIC

Strengthens the Muscles, Steadies the Nerves, Enriches the Blood. Gives New Vigor.

MRS. ELIZA JENNER, 69 Hemlock St., Allegheny, Pa., says: "For several years I have suffered with Back-ache and Weakness. The various remedies I used afforded but little relief. Three bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters cured me.

MR. ALFRED BRIGGS, Petersburg, Va., says: "I have for years been an intense sufferer from pains in my back, loins, kidneys and bladder, have tried innumerable prescriptions and preparations without benefit. Two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me, and I gratefully recommend it. Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. **Take no other.** Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

Stains on cups and saucers may be removed by rubbing with ashes.

We believe Hall's Hair Renewer has no equal as a remedy for scalp diseases.

Ayer's Ague Cure never fails to cure all diseases caused by malarial poisoning.

SHEARING SHEEP WITHOUT WASHING.—Comparatively few farmers wash their sheep before shearing, though formerly this practice was almost universal. The carrying of a mass of wet wool on their back for several days until it dries out is very detrimental to their health. If the sheep takes cold the wool becomes harsh and its quality is injured. And with the most careful washing of the sheep's back the fleece will not be clean and will often indeed be as full of dirt by the time it is sheared as it was at first. Finally, sheep-washing is a nasty, wet job, and often accompanied by more whiskey drinking than any other operation on the farm.

GRINDING SCREENINGS.—The broken grains, together with seeds of chess and other weeds, which accumulate in the screen-box, should always be ground before feeding. There will more or less weed seeds go through any kind of stock, even poultry, without losing their vitality. In fact, well-fed hens will not eat many weed seeds unless obliged to, and it is not good policy to compel them. The ground screenings, weed seeds and all, can be most profitably fed to store pigs. The wheat in them is excellent and sound wheat is almost too costly for making pork at present prices for both.

BULKY FOOD FOR PIGS.—One of the difficulties in keeping pigs in the pen is in providing something to distend their stomachs. If, in its season, cut clover is fed green to pigs where they will eat it clean, it is nearly or quite equal to keeping them in clover pasture. They will even eat some clover hay in Winter when fed with meal or grain, though this can not be made a staple food, as it may be for other farm stock.

OATS and rye are very similar to each other in composition. To make a good feed for horses, corn should be mixed with them. A bushel of rye, two bushels of oats, and five of corn ground together, will make excellent food.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS WILL Purify the Blood.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS FOR That Ache in Small of Back.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS REGETS Sound, Refreshing Sleep.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS CURES Rashes and all Skin Eruptions.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS FOR That Tired, Weary Feeling.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS CURES Dyspepsia and Constipation.

Sick Headache.

GENTS:—I have been subject to Sick Headache for years, and have tried in vain, many advertised remedies and several physicians, but all to no purpose. At last I tried your B. B. Bitters—without much faith, I admit—but to-day I can truly say, that after taking the third bottle I have not suffered from it. I recommend it to all my friends; several have been cured by it. My little grandson was permanently cured of Biliousness and Sick Headache, which was so severe as to cause convulsions. They have all ceased since he commenced the use of B. B. B.

Mrs. B. C. BODLE, Orange, Luzerne Co., Pa.

Dyspepsia.

GENTS:—I feel it my duty to say respecting Burdock Blood Bitters that it is the best medicine I ever took. I suffered two or three years from stomach troubles and dyspepsia as well as from liver and kidney complaint. I was not able to attend to my business. My wife was afflicted in much the same way. We read of your Bitters in the papers and made up our minds that we would *try them*. The result is my wife and I began to improve at once and I am now able to do more hard work than before in ten years. It relieved my kidney troubles as well. We both wish you the makers of it, Godspeed.

JOSEPH LANDON, Chelsea, Vt.

HAMMOND'S SLUG SHOT

Routes the Insect Army that destroy Vegetables and Flowers. Since 1880 *One and a Half Million* pounds have been used with safety and efficiency. It is cheap and sold by the Seedsmen, and probably by some party in your place. For pamphlet address FISHKILL-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND **SLICKER** The Best Waterproof Coat.

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. None genuine without the "Fish Brand" trade-mark. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

An extraordinary attempt has (the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Chronicle says) been made to procure copies of the secret maps and plans kept at the Office of the Etat Major at St. Petersburg. The person who made the attempt is a young man about twenty-six years old. He obtained admittance to the office by disguising himself in the uniform worn by the clerks, and, having thus penetrated to the room where the maps and plans were kept, began boldly to make copies of them. At first he was not interfered with, but after a time suspicions were entertianed and he was questioned. His replies being unsatisfactory, he was arrested, and a strict inquiry is being made into the matter. It is supposed that he is connected with the Nihilists, but few particulars are obtainable. He refused to give his name.

Incombustible paper is made with a mixture of ninety-five per cent. asbestos of good quality and five per cent. of any vegetable fibre. The asbestos is bleached by alternate treatment with permanganaact of potash solution and sulphurous acid. The paper is rendered fit for writing upon by treatment with a mixture of lime and borax and subsequent calendaring. By writing on such with a solution of platinum chloride, thickened with gum, and colored with a pigment, the characters are rendered permanent, the platinum chloride being reduced to metallic platinum, which, of course, is unacted upon by fire.

Chlorate of potash dissolved in water is a standard remedy for sore throat, particularly if the throat feels raw.

DR. KILMER'S INDIAN COUGH CURE.

CONSUMPTION Oil.

Every ingredient is from Vegetable products that grow in sight of every sufferer. IT has no Morphine, Opium or Injurous Drugs.

Every dose goes right to the spot.

In Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, colds settle in the Mucous Membranes Nose, Throat, Bronchal Tubes, Air-cells and Lung Tissues, causing Cough.

What Diseases Invade the Lungs? Scrofula, Catarrh-poisons, Micro-organisms, Humors, and Blood Impurities.

What are the Primary Causes? Colds, Chronic Cough, Bronchitis, Congestion, Inflammation, Catarrh or Hay-Fever, Asthma, Pneumonia, Malaria, Measles, Whooping Cough and Croup.

RELIEVES QUICKLY-CURES PERMANENTLY

It will stop that Coughing, Tickling in Throat, Dry-hacking and Catarrh-dropping.

Is your Expectoration or Spuia

Frothy Blood-Stained Catarrhal
Pus (Matter) Yellowish Canker-like
Phlegm Tubercular Muco-purulent?

It prevents Decline, Night-Sweats, Hectic-Fever, and **Death** from Consumption.

25c, 50c, $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., "Invalids' Guide to Health" (Sent Free). **SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**

Scrofula of Lungs.

I am now 49 years old, and have suffered for the last fifteen years with a lung trouble. I have spent thousands of dollars to arrest the march of this disease, but temporary relief was all that I obtained. I was unfit for any manual labor for several years. A friend strongly recommended the use of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), claiming that he himself had been greatly benefited by its use in some such troubles. I resolved to try it. The results are remarkable. My cough has left me, my strength has returned, and I weigh sixty pounds more than I ever did in my life. It has been three years since I stopped the use of the medicine, but I have had no return of the disease, and there are no signs or weakness left in my lungs. I do the hardest kind of work. T. J. HOLT.

Montgomery, Ala., June 25, 1885.

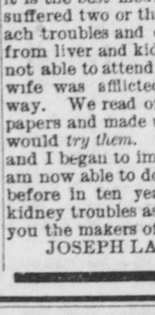
Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 157 W. 23d St., N. Y.

NUMAN'S LAWN PUMP,

Patented July 26, 1870, August 19, 1884, and January 19, 1886. A perfect Pump; used by Farmers, Gardeners, Housekeepers, Store-keepers, Liverymen, Druggists, Butchers, Machinists, Plumbers, &c. Pays a big profit and sells everywhere on its merits. Agents wanted in every county. State and county rights for sale. Price $3.00, express charge prepaid by us. For descriptive circular and terms to agents, address, ELBEL & CO., Canton, O.

LE PAGE'S LIQUID GLUE



MENDS EVERYTHING

Wood, Leather, Paper, Ivory Glass, China, Furniture, Bric-a-brac, &c. Strong as Iron, Solid as a Rock. The total quantity sold during the past five years amounted to over

32 MILLION bottles. EVERYBODY WANTS IT. All dealers can sell it. Awarded **TWO GOLD MEDALS** London, 1885. New Orleans, 85. Pronounced Strongest Glue Below. Send dealer's card and 10c. postage for sample can FREE by mail. RUSSIA CEMENT CO., Gloucester, Mass.

Contains no Acid.

No Rope to Cut Off Horses' Manes.

Celebrated 'ECLIPSE' HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be Slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price List to J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

Grind your own Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, GRAHAM Flour and Corn in the **SO. BAND MILL** (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping poultry. Also **POWER MILLS** and **FARM FEED MILLS.** Circulars and Testimonials sent on application. **WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.**

ICHTHYOL The wonderful remedy of ancient Babylon. Infallible in Rheumatism, Skin-diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Catarrh, Piles, Stomach Disease and Chronic Cold. For circulars address, WHITE Box 2138, N. Y. City.

Agents wanted.

$12 DOLLARS each for *New* and *Perfect* SEWING MACHINES. Warranted five years. Sent on trial if desired. Buy direct and save $15 to $50. Organs given as premiums. Write for FREE circular with 1886 testimonials from every state. GEO. PAYNE & CO. 44 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

SEND NAME QUICK for Prof. Moody's New Illustrated Book on Dress Making, New Designs, and Master Cutting, etc. Agents sell 10 a day. Prof. MOODY, Chelmsford, O.

OPIUM Basily, speedily and Painlessly cured at home. Correspondence solicited and *free trial* of cure sent. Home Treatment Co., 22 Distance no hindrance as we give Extra Terms and Free Freights. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, 8 pills, 25 cts.; 100 pills, 50 cts.

The Old Doctor NERVOUS DEBILITY MALE OR FEMALE WEAKNESS AND DECAY. A life experience. Remarkable and quick cures. Trial packages. Consultation and Books by mail FREE. Address Dr. WARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

Free Farms In Sunny **SAN LUIS.** The most Wonderful Agricultural Park in America. Surrounded by prosperous mining and manufacturing towns. Farmer's Paradise! Magnificent crops raised in 1885. THOUSANDS OF ACRES OF GOVERNMENT LAND, subject to pre-emption and homestead. Lands for sale to actual settlers at $3.50 per Acre. Long Time. Park irrigated by immense canals. Cheap railroad rates. Every attention shown settlers. For maps, pamphlets, etc., address COL. TRADO LAND & LOAN CO., Opera House Block, Denver, Col. Box 350.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD. Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, *By John B. Gough.* His last and crowning life work, being full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of laughter and tears. It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women. $100 to $200 a month made. Extraordinary inducements as we give Extra Terms and Free Freights. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

CENTRE HALL, PA., JUNE 16, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 whe not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

China! China!

AT POPULAR (LOWEST) PRICES.

Dry-goods! Dry-goods!

TO SUIT EVERYBODY.

Embroideries AND Laces

Merchants' Place, Bellefonte.

D. GARMAN & SON. D. GARMAN & SON.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Indications are for rain.

——Tetter cured—Dr. Smith's Salve.

Bairfoot & Wetzel are agents for rubber stamps. 93

——The Treasurer's sales have been adjourned to July 19.

For wall-paper go to Bairfoot & Wetzel's, Bellefonte. 93

——Jacob and J. H. Wagner, are executors of the estate of Jacob Wagner, Sr., deceased.

Base balls, at all prices from 5c to $1.25 at Murray's drug store.

Fine stationery a specialty—Bairfoot & Wetzel, Bellefonte. 93

——Samuel Miller, an old and well-known citizen of Aaronsburg, a shoemaker by trade, died last week.

——For Erysipelas use Dr. Smith's Salve. Sent by mail for 25 cents. Address, S. W. Smith, Centre Hall, Pa.

——Mr. Wm. Royer, one of Potter township's practical farmers, gave our sanctum a call.

——All kinds of horse collars, sweat pads, best and cheapest—D. A. Boozer.

——John Emerick, of this place, is still seriously ill, from an affection of the heart resulting from a cold.

——Wm. H. Grove, of Potter, gave the REPORTER sanctum a call, and discussed agriculture and politics with us.

——Flynets, light and heavy, home and city made, at D. A. Boozer's.

——We had a brisk rain last Sunday night which will have a good effect upon the corn and other growing crops.

——Mr. John Kennedy, of this place, received a dispatch from Johnstown that one of his brothers was drowned there on Sunday.

——Mrs. Foster, of Mifflinburg, accompanied by Mrs. Runk, of Spring Mills where she is visiting, favored the REPORTER sanctum with a call.

——Persons to whom we sent accounts about a week ago will please not disappoint us in our expectations. We look for remittances in part, at least, of what is due on subscription.

——Wm. L. Royer writes us from Stevenson county, Ill., June 9: Weather is fine and warm now; we had a wet spring and late. Harry Shirk is among us on a visit and will leave for Kansas in a few days. Crops look well.

——On some of the farms west of Centre Hall the grasshoppers are threatening to be a little more numerous than profitable for farmers. We hear farmers in other localities complain of the same pest.

——A horse belonging to H. G. Royer, in Brushvalley, in attempting to run away, while hitched to a buggy, came in contact with a fence, and broke a leg, in consequence of which the animal had to be killed.

——All kinds of men's wear and nice suits for boys, cheap, at the Philad. Branch. Go and see for yourselves before purchasing elsewhere, and don't miss a good bargain. Lewins always treats you right and gives you a fair and square deal.

——For bargains in ready-make clothing always go to Lewins of the Philad. Branch. You save a day's wages, and more, on every purchase. A large assortment of men's and boys' clothing always on hand and ahead of all others for style and variety.

——Anthony Carner an aged and highly respected citizen of Hublersburg, died on 7, at his home at the above named place. The deceased was born on the 16th day of December, 1817, and at the time of his death was 68 years, 5 months, and 21 days old.

——We were the recipients of a box of delicious strawberries, from the hands of Mrs. Geo. A. Runk, of Spring Mills,—berries of a size and flavor that would make the mouth of a prince water. These berries are of Mrs. Runk's own cultivation and would draw a prize at any fair. Mrs. R. will please accept our thanks for thus kindly remembering the REPORTER.

——The commencement exercises of Pennsylvania State College will take place June 27 to July 1, inclusive, and the annual address before the alumni will be delivered Wednesday evening of of that week by Major J. W. Powell, of Washington, D. C., director of the United States Geological Survey. Prof. Wm. A. Buckout is the historian.

——Philip Collins, says the Bellefonte *News*, has purchased a locomotive and fifty cars for use on the Buffalo Run railroad. The road will be seventeen miles and a fraction in length, and there will be in all twenty-two miles of track laid, the additional five miles being made up of sidings. The recent sale of the Beech Creek road indicated its early completion to a point where connection can be made with the Buffalo Run.

——The *Democrat*, 10, says, Deputy Collector T. J. Dunkle and wife, met with quite a serious accident on Sunday evening. They were driving down the mountain, and stopped to water their horse at the watering trough when the horse scared and Mr. Dunkle jumped out of the buggy to turn the horse around, when it plunged forward dragging Mr. Dunkle with it, the buggy wheel struck him on the shoulder, and fractured the bone. Mrs. Dunkle was still in the buggy and the horse ran wildly down the mountain, but she managed to keep it in the road, until the buggy upset. She was thrown out on a pile of stones and considerably bruised. Mr. Dunkle was the most seriously hurt. We hope that he will soon be able to be about again, no doubt he will be "sore" for some time, but he is certainly lucky to have escaped with his life.

——Mr. N. Boob, of near Aaronsburg, who formerly lived on the Neff farm near Centre Hall, met with a serious mishap a few days ago, of which a Jurnal correspondent says: On last Friday afternoon while Nathaniel Boob was leaving town on horseback, in going up the hill at the east end of town, a little dog belonging to Aaron Weaver ran out and frightened the horse, which became unmanageable at once. In attempting to dismount, one of his feet was held by the stirrup. The horse wheeled and ran at full speed back into town, dragging the rider for a considerable distance. Mr. Boob was picked up in a badly shaken up and bruised condition, but no serious results are expected to follow the accident. He was taken to his home by Mr. Weaver in a private conveyance.

——The County Commissioners have lessened the tax rate one mill. This will be good news for all tax payers. Good management on the part of these officials has brought this about. This is what the people gain by electing honest men to office instead of the tricking, blathering fellows who button-hole you so they get your vote and make the nomination and election. No office seeking trickster will make a faithful official—we have had abundant evidence of the truth of this.

The Commissioners have labored untiringly to get in the outstanding duplicates, and reduce expenses,—and the result is gratifying. The county debt is about wiped out and the tax rate reduced. In some things the Board may have displeased some persons—who can please all?—but taking it all in all, we must say, well done, good and faithful servants, you deserve re-election.

——Centre county Prohibition convention is called to meet in the Y. M. C. A. Hall, Bellefonte, Tuesday, 10 o'clock a. m., June 22, 1886. All citizens of Centre county who are in favor of the prohibition of the liquor trafic are requested to attend. The object of the meeting is to elect 8 delegates with their alternates, who will attend the State Convention to be held in Harrisburg, August 25 and 26, and also, to place in nomination if deemed practicable, a county ticket, and thoroughly organize the Prohibition party. Members of the W. C. T. U. are especially invited. Mass meeting in the Rink in the evening to be addressed by Hon. A. A. Barker, of Ebensburg, Pa.

——We are indebted to Mrs. Dr. Jacobs for a box of strawberries—all huge fellows, larger than walnuts, and the hugest one she calls "Gen. Beaver." But we succeeded in swallowing "Gen. Beaver"—we downed him after some effort, which may be inaupicious for the General next fall. The General no doubt will feel complimented by having a strawberry called after him, while we feel highly complimented in having a box of 'em as a present from the estimable lady above mentioned.

——Fred Cleare, house, sign and frescoe painter, is prepared for any kind of work in his line, in the most artistic and lasting style. Long experience on first class work renders him able to do plain and fancy painting equal to any in the state and at prices so low that all can afford to have painting done in and about their premises and beautify their homes. For a sample of plain house painting see the new dwelling of A. S. Kerlin in Centre Hall.

——Bellefonte is expecting a boom soon. The Valentine iron works have been sold to the Lehigh company and are to be started up on an enlarged scale. Frank M'Coy and a party of other gentlemen, it is reported, will erect new iron works on the fair ground. The completion of the Buffalo Run road is expected to help the town also. We are glad for all this and will be much gladder to find a realization of it all.

——Philip Mersinger, of Joliet, Ill., is visiting here, his old tramping ground. Philip is big and fat, and in good health in all respects except that rheumatism has taken hold of him, and renders him unfit for attending to business. Hope our climate will knock the disease out of him.

——Joseph R. McClellan bought out the firm of Runkle & McClellan, dealers in general merchandise, at Farmers Mills. The sale was made on Monday.

——Corn looks fine, so do other crops, except wheat which will be an almost total failure.

A reader of the REPORTER from Millheim writes: The REPORTER is read with much interest here; its fearless exposure of unfit persons for office and as the advocate of honest politics strikes us as the duty of every honest newspaper editor, and will in the end tend to strengthen the party."

This is a sample of several encouraging letters we have received. We are conscious of doing only our duty, and shall do it now, as heretofore, notwithstanding the attempts to boycott us for fearlessly exposing wrong and wrong doers. Our friends have our thanks for the encouarging words.

MUSICAL COLLEGE.—The 30th session of six weeks, opens on Monday July 26, 1886, for the teaching and training of young ladies in vocal and instrumental music. Address, F. C. MOYER, Musical Director, Freeburgh, Pa. 16jun4

Blank books of every description—Bairfoot & Wetzel, Bellefonte. 93

Blank tax receipts and tax notices to be had at REPORTER office. tf

Base ball bats at Murray's.

TROUBLE AT MILLHEIM.

MR. EDITOR:—The Millheim *Journal* in last week's issue said there were "too many smart men in town." We admit that we have some very smart men in town but nobody seems to know the fact except the men themselves, and they therefore appear like fools to the outside world, and we do not believe that any of these smart men were with the town council at the time these illustrious, but infamous, and illegal resolutions were passed in reference to the streets, allies, etc., and the appointment of a collector when one had already been elected for some time. It certainly takes a smart man, with considerable brass, to order another man to move his fence without any authority or knowledge whether the fence is upon public ground or not, when at the same time this smart counselor has in fence and occupies nearly one half of the public road. It also takes a smart council and a smart man to squeese out five dollars more for service as secretary than his predecessor. It also takes a smart man to ask a Chief Burgess to resign in order to get an office which could not be secured by an election. Now such things certainly create "war" and an expiation of the law becomes necessary to keep within bounds our radical servants or they might ape to assume more authority than the Czar of Russia. Now if the heathen get mad, froth and foam, and call us ——— for exposing their ignorance, we cant help it if they become odious by their indiscretion but must go on and "expound the law."

CITIZEN.

COBURN ITEMS.

Andy Stover has his new house under roof, and the carpenters are laying the floors, and will soon be ready for the plasterers.

Felix Breninghouse has his house up and is being roofed. Thomas Hosterman is building outbuildings and an addition to his store room. They are putting up the wall for the new distillery. If we can't have license we can soon have it at wholesale, and need not ask any favors of Judge Furst. F. P. Barker is weather boarding his new addition, and will soon be ready for the painters. Joel Kerstetter has improved his house by a coat of paint. Andy Vonada has the cellar dug for a new dwelling; he will move the plaining mill between this and fall back on the lot that John Rote bought a few weeks ago. Mrs. Clark has moved into Jacob Reeds house opposite the grain house and has her ice-cream sign out. G. W. Swengle has moved in with P. H. Stover.

Miss Sallie Kerstetter, of Logansville, is visiting at Joe Kleckner's. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Pittsburg, are visiting at Capt. Vanvalin's. J. P. Gephart spent last week here. S. R. Gettig and A. M. Grenninger are applicants for storekeeper. Hope they will be as successful as your applicant was—they don't need to respect the dead or apply before.

On Friday afternoon John Billmyer had the misfortune to get his leg broken; he was trucking prop timber for Smith & Co. in Panther Hollow, and had a wreck, the truck jumping the track, and Billmyer was caught in some way, breeking his leg between the knee an ankle. Dr. Frank says it is not a bad case.

Wm. and Henry Whitmer have commenced shipping lumber from their tract in Little Sugar Valley. Guess they must have struck a bonanza there. They also bought the Long tract at the Cave on Friday.

Lumber business must be getting better, judging from the amount shipped from our station. The cars are very scarce and some parties have been waiting a week on lumber cars.

Our host Joe arrived home on Thursday all O. K. We are of the opinion that some of the rest will share the same fate who have broken the law more than he had, but time will tell that. Nearly every body is dissatisfied that Judge Furst granted Musser license and Kleckner none, when all were indicted for the same offense. How queer!

On Saturday evening the Millheim band enlivened our village with choice music. Esq. Gephart invited them in and sot up the segars and birch beer; then Joe marched them over to Mrs. Clark's for ice-cream. They then serenaded a few of our citizens and lastly called on our genial R. R. agent, who invited them in and treated them with ice-cream. Hope they will soon return.

Andy Campbell boasts of strawberries 5 inches in circumference. O. K.

REBERSBURG ITEMS.

Alice Smull is making preparations for a visit to Lock Haven.

Reuben Bubb, from Snyder county, is visiting at John Smull's.

Howard Krape and bride have returned from their wedding tour.

Miss Sallie Bechtel is visiting friends here.

Edward Miller and George Bain returned from Selins Grove. RUBY.

MILLHEIM.

A good many spent Saturday at the Cave.

Our business men are rushing their new buildings.

Farmers talk about commencing haying on Saturday.

Reifsnyder & Musser are still turning out cement and lime of a superior quality.

The band went to Coburn on Saturday evening to serenade Joe and others.

The brick machine grinds them out mighty fine but very slow; we may see the end next summer.

Millheim's corresponding was between the druggist and the doctor.

We have one place for the boys to set them up, but one mouth is kind of weaned or not so dry any more. *

——Master Harry Hooveman, son of Jas. Hooveman, formerly of Lewisburg, was fatally injured by the cars at Montandon on Tuesday morning, 8, at which place he had been employed by Mr. Troxel. For some time he had been seen jumping on and off of cars about Montandon, and we are informed, repeatedly warned to discontinue the practice. On this occasion he attempted to pull a coupling pin when he fell beneath the cars and was horribly mangled by the break rod. He received at least a half dozen injuries any one of which would have caused death, so that notwithstanding the efforts of the several physicians who examined and operated on him, nothing could be done to save his life. He lingered in a semi-conscious state for several hours and expired. He was a bright and active boy of about 15 years and well liked by his employer and associates.—Saturday News.

Pictures and picture frames—Bairfoot & Wetzel, Bellefonte. 93

SPRING MILLS.

Emma G. Spiglemyer has returned from Centre Hall where she completed a coarse in the millenary business. Her return brings back a good music instructor.

W. B. Krape again made his appearance on our streets

Wm. Jones, of Altoona, is visiting his father-in-law, D. Barrel.

Miss Moyer is leaving on a vacation next week.

Prof. Krise has completed the room which Dr. Allison will occupy as his office.

Prof. S. C. Stover preached a very able sermon to a crowded house on Sunday morning. The music by the choir was excellent.

Mrs. Ulrich, formerly Miss Clara Fishes, is at home and quite ill.

The happiest man in town is Prof. Auman—a boy.

Dr. Wilson and family, of N. Y., are expected at the old homestead about July 1.

The Challenge band is prospering. The new silver plated coronet of Prof. Brown is a handsome addition.

The timber tract at the Penn Cave was sold last week to Wm. Whitmer, of Sunbury, and Henry Whitmer, formerly of this place. *

LUTHERAN CHURCH DEDICATION.

The Lutheran church, at Centre Hall, will be dedicated on June 20, Dr. Conrad, of Philadelphia, editor of the *Lutheran Observer*, to preach morning and evening. Preaching Thursday night by Rev. J. A. Earnest, of Mifflinburg, and on Friday night by Rev. A. K. Felton, of Philipsburg. All are cordially invited to be present.

RIOTING IN BELFAST.

One Hundred Houses Wrecked and Burned.

Belfast, June 9.—The Orangemen during their rioting last night wrecked 100 houses in the city, two of which they burned. The rioters broke into several whisky stores and possessed themselves of the contents. Numbers of men fell into the gutters drunk, and laid there, others, made desperate or maudlin by drink, prowl about the streets crying out, "To hell with the Pope!" In the various assaults made by the police upon the rioters, 25 of the latter were severely wounded by the buckshot fired at them. The police have been advised to fire ball to-night in the event of any general renewal of the rioting.

The rioting was renewed here this evening and the riot act was again read. The mob increased in size and began throwing stones at the police. The latter fired, killing four persons, one of whom was a bar-maid who was looking out of the tavern window at the fighting. The mob returned the fire and a brisk fusillade was kept up for twenty minutes. The soldiers are now parading the streets to assist the police in case of necessity.

The mob drove the force of 150 policemen into the barracks and then attacked the buildings, firing revolvers and throwing stones at the doors and windows The police fired, killing 5 persons. Several protestant clergymen tried to disperse the mob, but their efforts were unavailing. One of the persons killed was a widow with 2 children.

There are Democrats in Ohio with honesty and manliness enough to speak out in denunciation of the fraunds which have characterized elections in some portions of that state of late. The Ohio Club, of Cincinnati, which presents the Thurman sentiment in that city, has prepared an address to the Democratic voters of the State asking that the party management be placed in new hands. The particularly commendable part of this address is that which denounces particularly the frauds in the Democratic party. This is entirely sound. Democrats are responsible for their party and it is their business to see that it is kept clear of fraud and corruption. Whether the Ohio Club represents any large body of the Ohio Democrats remains to be seen, but if the party wants to succeed in the future it will do well to heed the wise and honest counsel of the club.—Philad. *Times*.

Just the doctrine that the REPORTER teaches right along. Down with the demagogues, tricksters, liars, double-dealers, and rogues in politics and if the advice is not heeded the party most assuredly will suffer.

MARRIED.

At the Parsonage in Stormstown, June 3, by Rev. W. F. D. Noble, Wm. W. Bottorf and Margaret Blair.

In Huntingdon, Pa., by Rev. Wm. Prideaux, H. Thompson and Alva Spangle, both of Centre county.

☞At the residence of Mrs. Peter S. Bierly, the mother of the bride, on June 10, by Rev. J. Dotterer, Rev. Harry K. Binkley, agent of the Reformed Pub. Board, to Miss Catherine B. Bierly, of Rebersburg, Pa. [Lewisburg papers please copy.]

DIED.

In Selinsgrove, on June 1, Daniel Shriner, formerly of Millinburg, aged 93 years and 16 days.

In Boggs township, on May 25, Mrs. Hannah Mills, aged 49 years, 10 months, 28 days.

A weak back, with a very aching lameness over the hips, is a sign of diseased kidneys. Use the best kidney curative known, which is Burdock Blood Bitters.

Vertigo, hysterics, convulsions—all nervous disorders in fact—are cured by Samaritan Nervine.

"My wife had fits for 35 years," says Henry Clark, of Fairfield. "Samaritan Nervine cured her." Your druggist keeps it. $1.50.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES Is more reliable as an agent in the cure of Consumption, Chronic Coughs and Emaciation, than any remedy known to medical science. It is so prepared that the potency of these two most valuable specifics is largely increased. It is also very palatable. jun

Food for the brain and nerves that will invigorate the body without intoxicating, is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves and brings good health quicker than anything you can get. jun

Without beautiful hair no woman is beautiful. Is yours failing off or faded? The loss is vital. Parker's Hair Balsam will preserve your hair and give back its gloss and youthful color. Clean, elegant, perfect. Prevents dandruff. jun

☞ You must now make your money out of the Barn and Poultry yard, with the LEHIGH CATTLE POWDER, to purify the Blood and cleanse the System, thereby prevent and cure disease in Cattle, Sheep, Swine and Poultry.

DUVOY'S HORSE & MULE POWDER, for all diseases of the Blood, Muscles and Nervous System, and save the 37 to 50 per cent. of food lost as indigested, in the ordinary way of feeding.

FARMER'S UNION CATTLE POWDER, in 7 lb. bags, for dairy use; to increase quantity and quality of Milk, Fat, Butter, Flesh and Eggs, and to give nature such ingredients as it needs to yield the largest profits.

DAIRY-MEN'S CATTLE POWDER, (for the same use as the Farmer's Union,) in 5 lb. bags, for 50 Cents per bag.

GAMBRINUS PULVER, The Liver Remedy,

JAPANESE CORN CURE, for Corns and Bunions.

UNION ROACH, RAT, MICE and ANT EXTERMINATOR, Never Fails.

DAIRY, POULTRY and DOCTOR BOOKS, with Goods Free.

For sale by J. D. Murray, Centre Hall. 9jun6m.

NOTICE OF APPEALS.—We hereby give notice that the appeals for the several townships and boroughs for 1886, will be held at the following places to wit:

For the townships of Miles, Haines, Penn and Millheim borough, at Musser's hotel, in Millheim, Wednesday, June 16.

For Gregg and Potter townships and Centre Hall borough, at Meyer's hotel, in Centre Hall, Thursday, June 17.

For Ferguson, College and Harris townships, at Stewart's hotel, in Boalsburg, Friday, June 18.

For Spring and Walker townships, at Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, Monday, June 21.

For Philipsburg borough and Rush township, at the Potter House, in Philipsburg, Tuesday, June 22.

For Taylor, Worth, Huston and Halfmoon townships, at hotel at Port Matilda, Wednesday, June 23.

For Liberty, Curtin Marion and Howard twps., and Howard boro', at Howard hotel, in Howard borough, Thursday, June 24.

For Snow Shoe and Burnside townships, at the Mountain house, in Snow Shoe, Friday, June 25.

For Union and Boggs townships and Unionville and Milesburg boroughs, at the Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, June 28.

For Benner and Patton townships, at Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, Tuesday, June 29.

For Bellefonte borough, in the Commissioners' Office, in Bellefonte, Wednesday, June 30.

The appeals to commence at 10 o'clock each day.

The Assessors are required to be present and have their assessments there.

JOHN WOLF,
A. J. GRIEST,
J. C. HENDERSON,
Commissioners.

ESTATE OF JONN G. SANKEY, DECEASED. Letters of Administration on the estate of John G. Sankey, late of Potter township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Clement Dale, residing in Bellefonte, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay. CLEMENT DALE,
2jun6t Administrator.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Jacob Wagner, Sr., deceased, late of Potter twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

JACOB WAGNER,
J. H. WAGNER.
16jun6t Executors, Tusseyville, Pa.

LETTING NOTICE.—Sealed proposals will be received at the Commissioners' Office, at Bellefonte, up to 10 a. m., Monday, June 21, 1886, for building abutments for an iron bridge to be erected across Penn's creek, at Greenbrier, in Penn township. Plans and specifications can be seen at the Commissioners' office, in Bellefonte.

DAVID NEESE,
J. W. MOYER,
Supervisors of Penn Twp.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. Mulbarger, deceased, late of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

W. J. THOMPSON,
2jun6t WM. S. MULBARGER,
Adm'r, Potters Mills.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration upon the estate of Wm. Bloom, deceased, late of Ferguson twp., having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

M. L. RISHEL, Adm'r,
2jun6t Farmers Mills, Pa.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

——Whole pepper ground to order at Murray's drug store. tf

——Merchant tailoring at the Philadelphia Branch, and satisfaction guaranteed. An experienced head oversees this department. tf

——All the best cough drops in the market at Murray's drug store. tf

Kites at Murray's.

Base ball bats from 5c to 50, at Murray's drug store.

Calla Lily flour, full roller process, and gnaranteed a superior article, for sale by And. Harter, Millheim. tf

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN.—One of the best 8-Horse Steam Thresher outfits in the county. Inquire of F. P. VONADA, Madisonburg, Pa. 28ap8t

——Tetter, Scrofula and Erysipelas cured for 25 cents. Dr. Smith's Salve, At druggists. No patent remedy.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

When one sees the impure fats that are sometimes used in soap making, he is inclined to doubt the cleansing qualities of the soap. Dreydoppel's Borax Soap is made from the purest refined tallow, and is guaranteed pure and healthful. jun

SAM JONES' SERMONS

In the principal cities, with History of His Life; and Sermons by Sam Small, his Co-laborer.

ONLY ILLUSTRATED EDITION.

Most remarkable and intensely interesting and amusing engravings ever seen in a book.

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14ap6m STANDARD BOOK CO.,
612 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MARKETS.

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Phila.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, June 14, 1886.

BUTTER.

Creamery, Penn'a, extra		16
" Western "		17

EGGS.

Penn'a, Del and Md., per doz	crates	13
" " "	bbls	12½
Western, ex brands	crates	12½

LIVE POULTRY.

Fowls, straight, new-by	per lb		10½
" mixed "	"		10
" Western, straight	"		10½
" " mixed	"		10
Spring Chickens	"	10	18
Roosters	"		8
Ducks, Spring	"		12

DRESSED POULTRY.

Fowls, extra	per lb		11
" choice	"		10½
" scalded	"		10
Chickens, Spring	"	20	30

LIVE CALVES AND SHEEP.

Calves, Del & Md., prime	per lb		6½
" Fair to good	"		5½
" Common stock	"		5
Sheep, prime	"		5
Lambs, extra	"	$3.00	4.50
Live Cattle	"		6
Hogs, live	"		6½
Pigs, live	"		7

SEEDS.

Timothy	per bu	1 90	2 00
Clover	per lb	9½	10
Flax	per bu		1 40

WOOL.

Tub-Washed	per lb	28	30
Unwashed	"	18	20

FEATHERS.

Choice Geese	per lb		48
Prime "	"	44	46
Chicken	"	4	5
Turkey, as to quality	"	4	5
Duck	"	25	30

HIDES.

Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	10	12
Hides, Green, Steer	"	6½	7
" " Cow	"		6
" " Bull	"	4	6½
" Salted Steer	"		9
" " Cow	"		8
Sheep Skins, per piece		35	1 25

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb		6½
Tallow, Solid	"		5½
" Cake	"		5½
Honey in Comb	"		11
Country Soap	"		4

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	16	Eggs	10
Ham	10	Slices	6
Shoulders	8	Potatoes	40
Lard	6		

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, Red	$ 75	Oats	$ 30
Wheat White	75	Rye	50
Corn, Shelled	55	Barley, No. 1	45

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Philadelphia, June 15.—Bid for wheat, 83½ for June, 83¾ for July.

For corn there was bid 43¾ for June, 43½ for July.

For oats there was bid 37½ for June, 37¾ for July.

Farmers of Centre county allow me to say to all who want to buy a self-binder, a front or rear cut mower, a self-rake, do not buy until you see the Johnston Binder, Mower and Self-Rake, which stand in the front rank wherever I have sold them. I can guarantee them to have more good points, quiet running, for lightness of draft, or ider to handle all the leavers than any other binder sold in the county. I say buy a Johnson machine whichever one it may be and it will convince you that my statement above is not a false one. The Johnston machines recommend and talk for themselves once they get a trial in the field. Farmers wishing to see a Johnston Binder and latest improvements, can see one set up in my barn at Centre Hill, one at old Jacob Kemp's, about two miles above State College; one in Brush Valley, one mile east of Rebersburg, at Austin Gramley's. Farmers, go and see the Johnston Binder before buying, and you will see one of the best constructed binders in the market. The knotter is one of the finest you have ever seen. It has but one steel spring and has a double disk and cord holder. The binder attachment can be folded up so a 5-foot binder can pass through a pair of bars 9 ft. 10 in. and 6-foot binder through a 10 ft. 10 in. bar. This is more convenient than to load a binder on a truck to get into your fields. Buy a Johnston binder or mower and you will find many more conveniences which I have said nothing about, but you will find it so once you will work with one.

I will here say I have contracted and handled the following farm implements: The Superior grain drill, which is one of the finest arranged drills in the market; has no gear wheels to change; drives from either wheel with a ratchet like a reaper. I also sell one of the finest and easiest Hand-dump Rakes in market; try one and you will admit to this fact. I also sell the Bullard Hay Tedder, the only one built that has a fork outside of the wheels, so that the wheels do not run over the spread grass once it is tedded up. I also have the agency for the Empire Steam Engine and Thresher, which all farmers know is one of the best machines in the county. I also have the agency for the Hench Cultivators which need no recommendation. It is known as one of the best cultivators, with Corn Planter and Fertilizer attachments, in the county. I also have the agency for the Conkling Wagons, my territory including Harris, Potter, Gregg, Miles, Penn and Haines townships. The Conkling stands first in the rank of all wagons, as all farmers know who have used one of them.

I also sell E. Frank Coes and John Bals'on Nickerbocker Phosphates. I can say that these goods are a first class article, and have given entire satisfaction to all my customers for the past four years. Farmers, I simply ask you to try one of these fertilizers and you will get the best results. I always make it my aim before contracting for any fertilizers or implements to get the very best in market. Farmers, buy the best in market and it will be the cheapest in the end.

I kindly ask a liberal patronage of any who need and will buy a first class implement or fertilizer.

F. M. BURKHOLDER,
Agent for above Implements and Fertilizers
21ap8t] Centre Hill, Pa.

NEW OPENING

THEO. DESCHNER

OF THE

—BELLEFONTE—

GUN WORKS

AND HEADQUARTERS FOR

Sporting Goods.

One door below LYON'S STORE,

Bellefonte, where you find everything in the line of

GUNS, —— PISTOLS

AMMUNITION,

FISHING LINES & RODS, HOOKS,

and all kinds of

FISHING TACKLE. CANES, FLAGS,

FIRE-WORKS, &c.

JUST OPENED. CALL AT

DESCHNER'S

FOR YOUR SPORTING GOODS.

5may3m

The great blood purifier of the world, Keller's Catarrh Remedy, has just earned this title, and suffering humanity has reason to bless it. See adv. in another column.